BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1948

A. A. MILNE
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C. PATRICK THOMPSON
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In that picture which each of us carries somewhere in the back of the mind — that picture of a quiet, smiling room — every object is familiar and friendly; and nothing, in some mysterious way, is ever going to change. The silver gleams, the bright brass twinkles, the crisp linen shimmers like snow.

She who made and lovingly keeps this taken-for-granted place called Home, knows well that her greatest achievement is to be always there. Her constant thoughts are household thoughts, her words are household words. And she has her trusted helpers whose names are household names; gentle Silvo, sunny Brasso, Robin Starch for easy ironing, safe Reckitt's Blue that knows what colour linen ought to be.

She who created and completes the picture knows what simple things stand for; background, permanence, silent support. Their influence, now that the family is scattered, extends over half the world.

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 36 No. 3 MARCH, 1948

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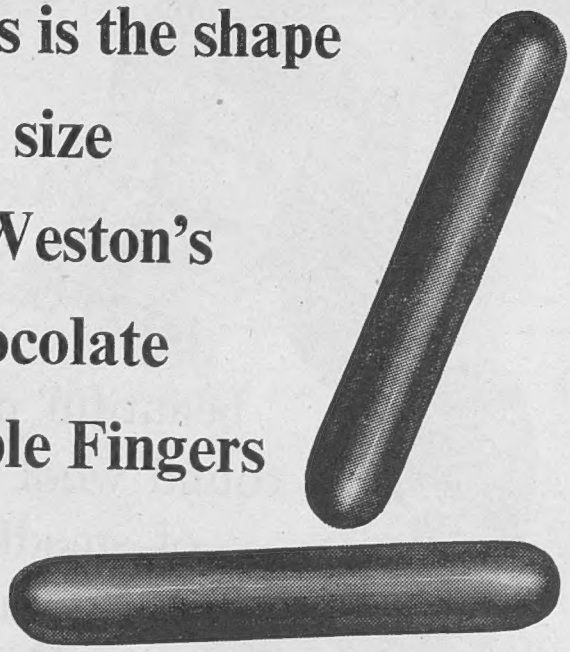

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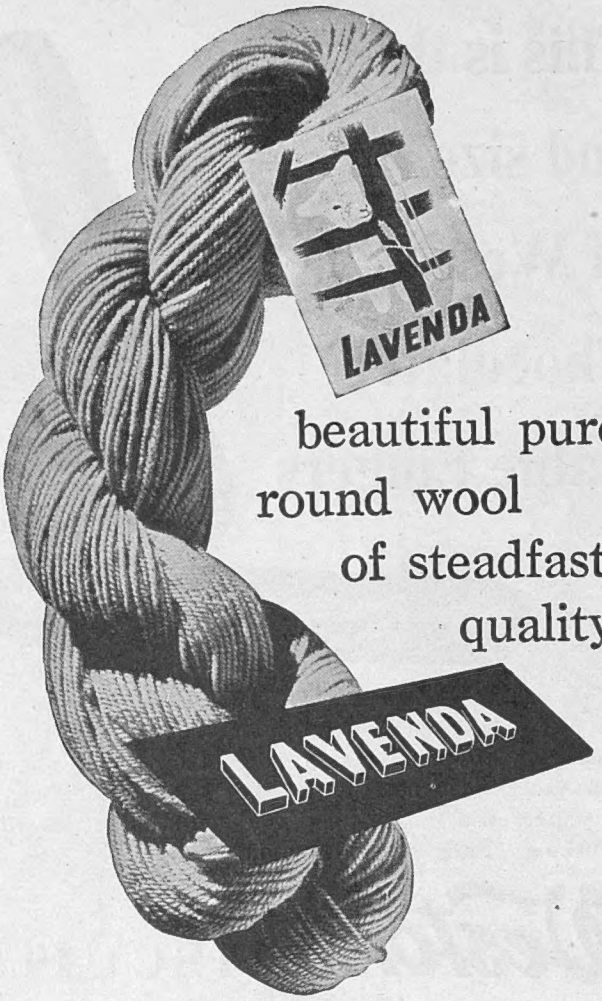

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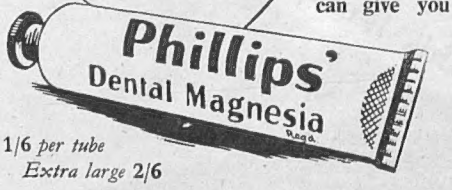

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helping out the potatoes

"Meat and two veg." is such an old custom that no wonder you feel a little lost when potatoes are short! There are, however, some tasty and satisfying fillers that go well with greens, to serve instead of, or with smaller portions of potatoes, and you'll find suggestions for them below. Beans or peas—dried or canned—are of course, excellent. Sometimes serve two kinds of root vegetables with the greens—carrots and turnips go well together, for example, take the same cooking time, and are more tempting than the larger portion of one kind needed to make up for the missing potatoes.

DELICIOUS DUMPLINGS

4 oz. plain flour and 2 level teaspoons baking powder or 4 oz. self-raising flour, ½ level teaspoon salt, 1 oz. cooking fat, water to mix.

Mix dry ingredients, rub in the fat and mix to a soft dough. Cook the dumplings in fast-boiling liquid, with the lid on the pan, for 15 minutes. To ensure that your dumplings are light, mix them as quickly as possible, don't lift the lid to look at them, and serve at once. Serves 4.

BARLEY AS A VEGETABLE

Pearl barley, cooked in boiling salted water until tender, makes an appetising second vegetable. It will cook more quickly (in about 30-40 minutes) if you soak it the night before. Allow about 1 level tablespoon, measured raw, for each person.

POTATO-SAVING HINT

Cook potatoes without peeling to save waste, even if you are making chips.
If you must peel them, it is less wasteful to remove the skins after cooking. To make this easier, take off a narrow strip of skin, lengthways, before cooking.

SOME WAYS WITH ROOT VEGETABLES

PARSNIPS. Peel, cut into quarters lengthways, then, 1.—Boil in salted water until tender. 2.—If you have the oven on, bake slowly in a little water in a covered pan. 3.—Cooked parsnips are delicious fried, or sprinkled with a little grated cheese and browned under the grill.

SWEDES. Peel, cut into small pieces and cook until tender in boiling salted water. Then mash, adding a knob of margarine, and further seasoning to taste.

TURNIPS. Besides cooking as a separate vegetable, try them mashed with a small quantity of cooked potato, and sprinkled with coarsely chopped parsley.

CARROTS. Scrape and cut into slices or strips and cook in boiling salted water — adding a pinch of sugar. When tender, drain (save the liquid for soup), return the carrots to the pan, in which you have melted a little dripping or margarine. Stir and heat, then serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

MF

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.191)

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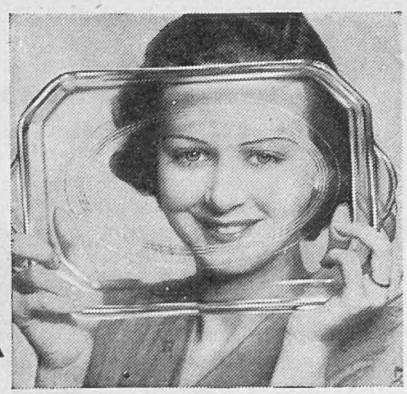

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Hannibal and Gisco were inspecting the XXVIIth Division, which stood to attention and looked unwinking to the front

The General Takes Off His Helmet

A Short Story

by

A. A. Milne

GISCO walked behind the General, his thoughts, as usual, rioting round himself. They were inspecting the XXVIIth Division, a mixed crowd of Libyans and Moors under Carthaginian officers. The Division stood to attention and looked unwinking to the front, so that at every step you came under fire from a new pair of eyes; and every pair of those eyes was acknowledging that you were the finest-looking young fellow of them all (as you obviously were), and at the same time pretending to despise you, but really envying you, because you lived so safely and so comfortably—as, in a way, you did. Well, safely, anyhow. You didn't lead forlorn assaults, and have hot lead poured on you from the walls by shrieking women. No, you were spared that. Comfort, too, up to a point, though not quite what they thought. Good food and good quarters, yes; but it was anything but a comfortable life being A.D.C. to the General when he was in one of his moods. A fellow simply didn't know where he was.

Hannibal was in one of his moods to-day.

The siege of Saguntum had gone on too long. Gisco was not quite sure why it had ever started. He had understood that they were just marching on Rome, wherever that was; and he had promised the girl he had left behind him in Carthage—the three girls he had left behind him in Carthage—to bring back the head of one of those Senators who were making all the trouble, and a jewelled comb such as the Roman ladies wore. But passing Saguntum on their way, they had stopped to take it . . . and that was eight months ago, and here they still were. Most of the troops had thought, and had gone on thinking, that they were besieging Rome, and that the war was nearly over; but Gisco, being so close to the General, had only thought so for a very short time. Now he knew that the war was just beginning.

The plains between the city and the sea had become an immense parade-ground, and the siege seemed but one of the many activities of barrack life: troops drilling, troops at sword play, troops going through physical exercises, troops under inspection, and troops advancing on Saguntum and drawing off again, leaving their dead behind them. Here and there under the hard, blue sky tattered men hung on crosses. To Gisco they meant as much or as little as all the other features of military life by which he was now becoming bored: a life lived under discipline. But to the Commanders of Divisions about to be inspected they offered a problem; for one could never be sure whether the General would be more struck with the vigour of their discipline or with the previous indiscipline which it implied. Discipline, he had told them, must be maintained; maintained at all costs; but the cost must always be reckoned, and to crucify a discontented man was to save the enemy the trouble of killing him. This, he suggested mildly, was a pity—or didn't they think so? They hastened to think so. In private they told themselves that the General was queer; you never knew where you were with him; and they decided that, since bodies, or anything else, hanging about made the place look untidy, for the special occasion of a General's Inspection they had better be taken down. So, in the XXVIIth divisional quarters this morning there were no dead or dying men looking down on Gisco, and envying him his more comfortable lot.

HE was taller than Hannibal, but the General's golden helmet, with its flashing plumes, overtopped his own, and he had to admit that for an oldish man of thirty Hannibal made a fine figure from the back. And when the General turned round, as he sometimes did, if that were his humour, to test his A.D.C. on some point of equipment, well, you also had to admit that there was something about his face: not beautiful, of course, not like Gisco's; but with something in it, something behind it, which nobody, not even a foolish young man of twenty, could ever feel quite sure about.

This foolish young man was incapable of putting his feeling for Hannibal into definite words. Had he tried to do so, he might have discovered to his surprise that he felt a sort of affectionate pity, almost contempt, for the Great Man; as for a dreamer who was missing all the good things of life (women, and—well, women) in pursuit of some inescapable

end to which, the story went, he had been pledged as a child. You might say that he was something of a child still; sometimes; and though you had to admit that he was a good general and all that, nobody who talked as he did when he was in that sort of mood, could be called really intelligent. Not like Gisco. But when you had promised your sister (who, after all, had got you the job) to look after the man, you had to look after him. You had to humour him. And somehow—but Gisco never quite knew how—you couldn't help liking the fellow. You would have liked him, even if he hadn't written to your sister: "I can never thank you enough. Your Gisco is a constant delight and inspiration to me."

THE inspection was over. The General acknowledged his last salute, this time from the Nubian sentries outside his headquarters, and strode to the inner tent, followed by his faithful A.D.C. As soon as they were alone, his hands went to his head. Wincing slightly, he raised the massive golden helmet, with its waving plumes, until it was clear of his forehead; lowered it in front of him; looked at it malignantly, and then flung it on the ground.

"Ye gods," he cried, "how I *hate* these helmets!"

Gisco picked it up, cosseting the feathers into shape again, as he said soothingly, "It's a hot day for helmets, anyhow, Sir."

"*You've* nothing to complain of. Look at the size of yours compared with mine. Here, take this." He unbuckled his sword-belt and hung it over the helmet in Gisco's hands, ruffling the plumes again.

"True, O Hannibal," said Gisco, "but then, look at the size of your brain compared with mine." He said it kindly, with an encouraging smile. This was what an A.D.C. was for. This was what a Gisco did so well.

"If that's meant for flattery," snapped Hannibal, "I don't want it, and if it's meant for irony, I won't have it."

"It was meant for the truth, Sir," said Gisco untruthfully.

"In that case it was a gross under-statement. My helmet is only twice the size of yours."

"Quite so, Sir," said Gisco firmly. Hannibal was in one of his moods, and it was better to close the conversation. Even as it was, he had an idea that he had been insulted. He put the helmet and sword-belt away; and, as soon as Hannibal had settled himself on his divan, saw that a drink was ready to his hand. Hannibal drank.

"Those fellows in the little leather caps," he said, wiping his mouth and leaning back with a sigh, "I envied *them*, Gisco, I envied *them*."

"The sanitary squads, Sir?" said Gisco, surprised.

"Oh, were those the sanitary squads?"

"Yes, Sir."

"H'm." He frowned to himself. Looking up and seeing Gisco there, he waved at the drinks, murmuring, "Oh, my dear boy, *please*," and went back to his thoughts. Gisco helped himself with a "Thank you, Sir," and sat cross-legged on the ground; waiting. The General was coming to an important decision; you could see it in his face. Perhaps he would decide to call the whole campaign off. Perhaps they would be back in Carthage by the autumn. Perhaps Thalyctra and he—if he decided on Thalyctra——

"Those sanitary squads," said Hannibal.

Gisco came back from Carthage with a start, and said automatically, "Yes, Sir."

"How would it be if in future they all wore helmets like mine, and the Commander-in-Chief wore a little leather cap like theirs?"

Gisco took the short sword in both hands and pressed the point to his chest

Gisco gaped and stammered, "W-with what object, Sir?"

"Damn it," said Hannibal reasonably, "with the object that they'd get headaches and I shouldn't."

"Quite so, Sir. Is it an order?" The poor fellow was crazy, but one must humour him. Take it all quite seriously.

"I don't know. I'll tell you later."

"Yes, Sir."

"We must consider both sides. I suppose all these feathers and things *are* more dignified?"

Gisco had a good one for that. One wasn't an A.D.C. for nothing. One knew instinctively what to say.

" If you wore the leather cap, Sir," he said, little knowing how near the truth he was, " then very soon the leather cap would be more dignified."

" Obviously one would hope that such would be the case, but in actual fact it wouldn't."

" No, Sir."

" On the other hand, it *would* be cooler."

" Yes, Sir."

Gisco took up his drink again sulkily. There was no doing anything with the man when he was in this mood. He returned to Carthage and Thalyctra, but with no hope now of seeing her in the autumn.

" Gisco," said Hannibal—

(There ! He was off again. What now ?)

"—tell me, just for interest, I 've often wanted to know. If I do make it an order, what exactly happens ? "

" Naturally, Sir, it is carried out." That was an easy one.

Hannibal considered him thoughtfully.

" You know," he said, " sometimes you give the impression of being quite intelligent, and sometimes you give the impression of being completely the reverse. Is there a reason, or is it just chance ?"

Gisco began to say as politely as he could (only there were times when it was difficult) that he didn't know what the poor fellow was talking about ; but Hannibal wasn't listening.

" There are fortunate men who rose from the ranks to be Commanders, he went on. "Alas, I didn't. I was born to it. That puts me at a disadvantage. There are things which I don't know." He sipped his drink and explained, " What I want to know now is this : What happens to this order as soon as I have given it to *you* ? "

" Oh, I see, Sir," said Gisco, quite cheerful again. Now he was in his element ; explaining things to his General, explaining what he knew so well—military routine. " It 's like this, Sir. I write it out, and when you have signed it, I hand it to your Chief of Staff."

"Never mind the signature. *I* tell *you* ; *you* tell the Chief of Staff. Whom does *he* tell ? "

" The Divisional Commanders."

" And they ? "

" The Captains commanding Companies."

" And they ? "

" The officers commanding the Company's sanitary squads."

" Ah ! And they ? "

" They would make out a requisition for the number of helmets they wanted —and, I suppose, the sizes—and that would go back to the Captains commanding Companies ; and they——"

Hannibal held up a hand.

" Don't tell me. They would pass it back to the Generals commanding Divisions——"

" Exactly, Sir. And *they* would pass it back to the Chief of Staff."

As if he had been through all the motions himself, Gisco helped himself to the second drink which he had so fully earned, and wondered what else he could do for the General.

" Excellent," said Hannibal. " You will be glad to hear that so far I have followed you with ease. You will also observe that, so far, nobody has done anything at all, except tell somebody else to do it. But there must be a terrifying moment when somebody actually has to set to and *make* a helmet, simply because there is nobody else he can get to do it for him." He drank, and said dreamily : " Who is that unlucky man ? "

Gisco had seen the question coming, and where lesser men might have fallen down, he was ready to stand up to it.

"Well, Sir," he said, improvising a little doubtfully, "I suppose the requisition would eventually come to the Master-Armourer——"

"Ah!" said Hannibal. "Thank you."

"And *he* would tell the armourer-sergeants——"

"I was hasty," said Hannibal, making a motion of apology. "I beg your pardon."

"Who would tell the armourers to—er—make the helmets?"

"And they would make them?"

"Yes, Sir."

There was a short silence, which just gave Gisco time in which to congratulate himself again, and to tell himself that now the General knew all about that; and then Hannibal spoke.

He said: "How?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir?"

"I said—how?"

"Er—do you mean how would they make them?"

"What else could I mean?"

"Well—er——"

"Imagine yourself to be an armourer. The armourer-sergeant has just told you to make one hundred and forty-nine helmets. Damn it, Gisco, you can't *do* it!"

"I am not an armourer," said Gisco stiffly. I am nursemaid, he told himself, to an infuriating child.

"You start with a wodge of gold," said Hannibal, following out his thoughts, "and you beat it into a thin plate. Then you—sort of—" he made arcuate motions with his hands—"bend it—or don't you?"

Gisco had only heard one word of all this, but it was enough.

"Sir!" he said, shocked out of his usual complaisance. "Really!"

"What's the matter?"

(*Con. on page* 48)

Hannibal took up a commanding position, his hand on his hip, Gisco a little behind him on the left. Helmet or no helmet, sword or no sword, every inch a general

(*On left*) Dolores Ibarruri (La Passionaria) she could communicate passion to a crowd, as few men were capable of doing

Women of the Left

who have hit the high spots in public life

By Ferdinand Tuohy

TWENTY-NINE years ago a middle-aged woman was chased down a Berlin street, fired upon, and mortally hit. Her name was Rosa Luxemburg, and with her collapsed all chance of a Communist regime in Germany after the first World War. The man associated with her, Karl Liebknecht, and who died the same day, lacked the Jewess's force as mob rouser.

None took Rosa's place. The years passed; Communism took hold of mighty Russia and rooted in other lands; but no other woman took Rosa's place. It seemed to be an all-masculine affair. Anna Berkmann? Hardly. I recollect this Russo-American expatriate towards the end of her exiled days on the Riviera. Exiled from her spiritual home, Russia, on account of Trotsky sympathies. Anna was bitter, used up; her day had been pre-1914.

La Passionaria; Now, here was someone closer to the Rosa brand of female political tornado. This Spanish woman, mother of a grown-up family, well earned her *nom-de-guerre*. She could communicate passion to a crowd, as few men were capable of doing. Had the Spanish Civil War turned out differently, La Passionaria could scarcely have finished as less than Minister of Popular Enlightenment. Maybe she is still thinking of that post, in Moscow, the last I heard of her.

Anna Pauker. A female whirlwind who in less than three months rose to be the real boss of Rumania

(*On right*) Mrs. Ludmilla Jankovcova, Minister for Industry and the first woman to reach Cabinet rank in Czechoslovakia

(*On left*) Dame Anne Loughlin. The first woman to be elected as general secretary of a major trade union (Tailors and Garment Workers)

The really remarkable thing is that during all this time—and I have covered more than a generation—Moscow itself produced no Red Woman of first significance. Mrs. Lenin was a good demi-official administrator; Mrs. Litvinov (an Englishwoman), a leading intellectual; Mme. Kollontay held down an envoy's job in Stockholm for many years; and there was the nonagenarian woman who rose to a high chairmanship in the Party and received a No. 1 funeral. I'm blessed if I can think of anyone else, and the dearth cannot emanate from restrictive policy. We have only to cross over to the Balkans to see that.

One of the two most wholly satisfying people in the world to-day, to Joseph Stalin, must be Anna Pauker. Nothing has been placed in the way of this female whirlwind, who in less than three months rose to be the real boss of Rumania and the greatest Foreign Office purger of all time. Pauker has set a challenge to the women of the West. Is this the only way that women can hit the highest spots in public life—by outdoing the males in intolerant ferocity?

To me, the Pauker suggests nothing if not an intellectualized, revved up reincarnation of those *tricoteuses* who used to sit round the guillotine on the Place de Grève and crack jokes. "A self-made widow" (having given away her husband as a Trotskyist), this Rabbi's daughter has a strong sense of humour which must have stood her in good stead when she caused to be sentenced to tantamount to death, the man who had striven his utmost, year after year, to get her out of prison—Julius Maniu.

This wandering Jewess, who has at last come to rest, to take it out of all who are not as she, is the completely merciless fanatic, body and soul in bondage to an idea. Née Ana Rabinsohn, she studied medicine at Zurich, then a school teacher, then the red light shone in 1921, when she was thirty. Marrying the hapless Pauker while "on the run," Anna begat Vlad, and Tanya, and Marie, and varied an underground existence as a Soviet agent with six years in prison and a spell with a Soviet trading mission in America.

The return in 1944 to the land where she was born, was made as a Red Army major, and there she is to-day—such a woman! "Jut-jawed and booming, her bobbed grey hair flops about her face." A flat in the Park Lane district of Bukarest, a

(*Continued on page 51*)

Storm

King Charles I in the House of Lords. After his execution the Republican Commons in 1649 temporarily abolished the Upper House, proclaiming it to be "unneccessary, burdensome and dangerous to the liberty, safety and public interests of the people of this nation"

THE King's Speech at the opening of Parliament last October had a strongly significant passage for the eight hundred peers of the realm entitled to sit in the Upper House, for the pronouncement that legislation would be introduced to amend the Parliament Act of 1911 meant that Parliament was dealing once again with that old and controversial issue, the status of the House of Lords.

The Act referred to in the Speech severely reduced the powers of the Lords. It settled, in favour of the Commons, a long difference between the two Houses as to which of them should control the nation's money. In 1671 and 1678 the Commons had claimed this right in two sweeping resolutions, but the Lords had never formally agreed and the question had remained unresolved right up to the present century. The decisive trial of strength came in 1909, when the Lords sensationally threw out the Budget. This challenge was too much for the Commons, and two years later the peers were forced to accept the Parliament Act.

As a result, they found themselves powerless to intervene in financial matters and with greatly weakened influence in other kinds of legislation. And now, as implied in the Royal Speech, their rights of veto—in effect their ability to stop or delay measures sent up by the Commons—are likely to be curtailed still more.

AT first the Lords were England's only Parliamentary body. In Saxon times, long before the first assembly of commoners, the kings used to summon their Great Councils of earls and bishops when they wanted advice, and the privilege of attending these meetings became hereditary just as did the right to hold lands. When the kings began to call commoners to their Parliaments as well, the nobles maintained their independence by sitting separately, and after the Model Parliament of 1295—a landmark in our history because it was the first at which there were elected representatives — the distinction between Lords and Commons gradually became more clearly marked.

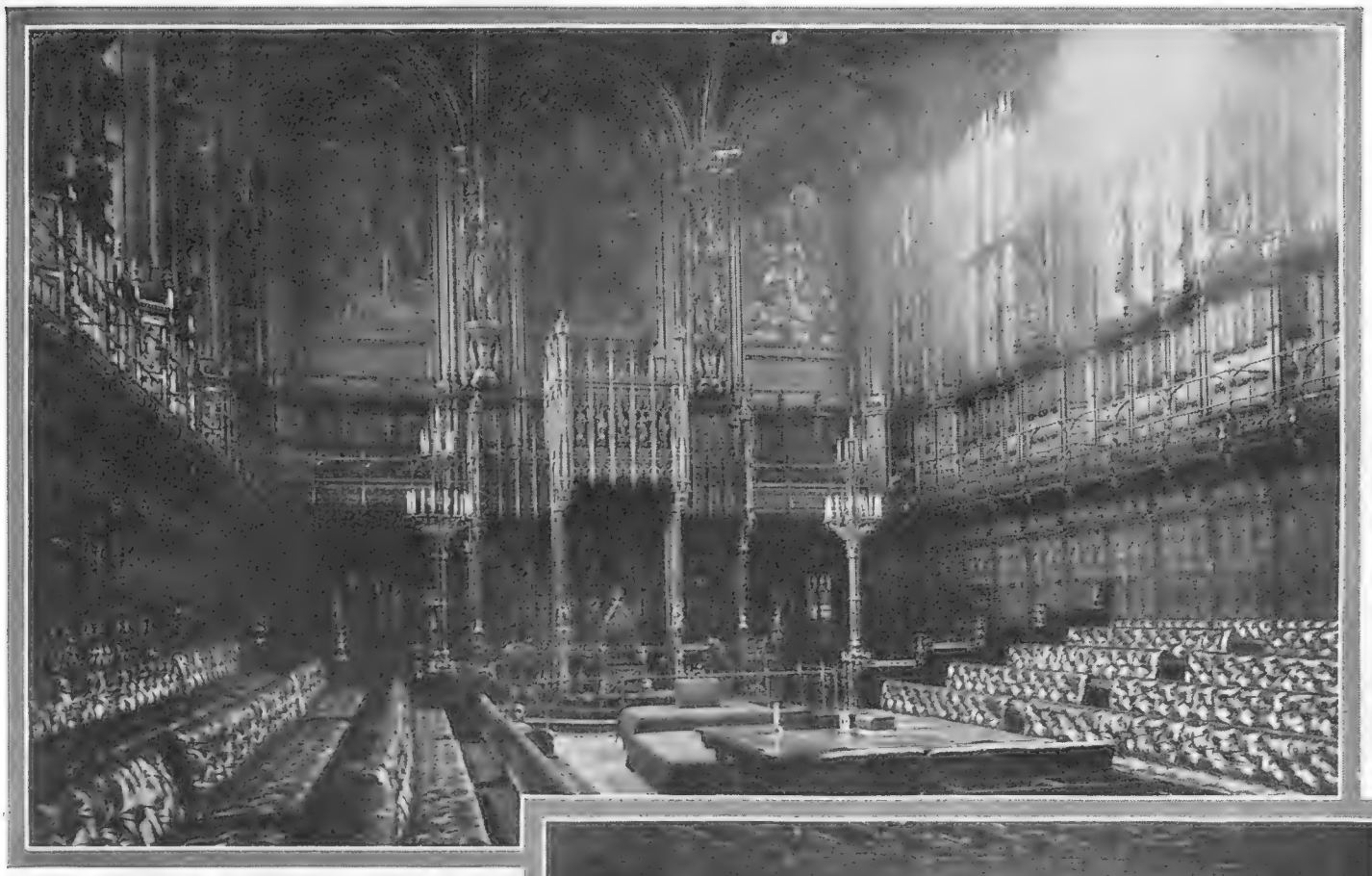
While Parliament existed chiefly to give the King advice the two bodies had little trouble about agreeing, but when it grew strong enough to intervene in matters of taxation both Lords and Commons wanted to reserve financial control for themselves, and their relations became strained by a new spirit of rivalry.

Sometimes their differences flared up into open antagonism. There was that memorable occasion in 1649 when, after the execution of King Charles I, the Republican Commons

The old Houses of Parliament destroyed by fire in 1834. From an engraving by Havell (*Picture Post* Library)

Over The Lords

By John Williams



Interior of the chamber of the House of Lords as it was in 1900. On the left are Government benches; on the right Opposition; beyond the table is the raised bank of the Woolsack; in centre are cross benches. Above throne is the distinguished strangers gallery; round the chamber are peeresses galleries. This chamber is now used by the House of Commons as their chamber was destroyed by enemy action

(*On right*) The Chamber of the House of Lords to-day. It is the King's robing room

mporarily abolished the Upper House, roclaiming it to be "unnecessary, burdensome, nd dangerous to the liberty, safety and ublic interests of the people of this nation." ut the banishment was short-lived, and in a w years the Lords were reinstated in their accustomed place.

OCCASIONALLY their mutual ill-feeling was expressed in less radical but still highly unparliamentary fashion. During a Lords' debate in 1770, some M.P.s who were standing at the Bar of the Upper House were spied as "strangers" and violently removed amid booings and cat-calls from a mob of angry peers. And two years later the Commons kicked a Lords' Bill out of the Chamber as a retaliation for some alleged discourtesy of the Lords towards their fellow-member, Burke.

Such behaviour found no place in the more dignified Parliamentary atmosphere of the nineteenth century, but the old issues still remained and the question of the reform of the House of Lords began to be raised by those who saw it as unrepresentative of the people or as a barrier to legislation. One method of overcoming the Lords' opposition to particular measures had been the creation of enough peers of the right political colour to swing the peers' vote in the desired direction. Queen Anne had done this (*Continued on page* 56)

"SPRING SWING"

By C. Patrick Thompson

A KEEN nor'-easter blew stinging rain in our faces. We got out of the car and dived into the barn. The farmer was showing me the start of a concrete floor, preparations for the equipment of the place to house a dairy herd, when the youngster arrived in his battered old converted jeep and came in, whistling.

He was back from an important mission. He had just bought a bull. By 1952, he'd have his herd. It takes five years to build a dairy herd from the ground—or the bull—up. You can't hurry Nature—or cut corners with a £5,000 investment.

The farmer, one of the 80,000 who farm 100 acres or more (only 12,000 farm over 300 acres, and 284,000 farm less than 100), had bought this adjoining farm for his son, and staked him.

"But the Russkies are lending a hand," chuckled the farmer. "I wasn't reckoning on Tom getting started while feed was so tight. Now the Russkies are trading us feed for machines, we can get started without too much worry. After this year, things ought to get easier."

A statistician would have called it "more evidence of the 'spring swing'." That's what they call the early part of a rising curve following a long downswing. I'd been spending some time with these fellows who chart the future, and some of them made one's mouth water. They could trace their curves blandly through to the time when we shall all be able to get all the steaks and chops, cars and clothes, house linen and tobacco and petrol, we want, or anyway can buy : and these at well under to-day's prices, where those prices are free-market prices and not weighted down, as current rationed-food prices are, by government subsidies.

Top men among them go farther. Lord Bruce, for instance, told me that present shortages and supply troubles generally will work themselves out. They don't worry him. What does keep him awake nights is his vision of factory over-production, too many goods chasing too little money instead of vice versa. As for bushy-browed Sir John Orr, he looks right through the hungry 'forties to the time when a vast agricultural surplus may very well bring a world price collapse and another Great Slump.

However, that's when we've travelled the full length of the rising curve and fallen off the dizzy tip down, down, down to the bottom where panicking men will sell you a De Beers diamond mine share for the price of one square meal, and part with their house at a firesale price instead of demanding thrice what it cost to build, plus a premium. Just now, as I mentioned, we're only at the "spring swing" stage, and it's hard for the uninstructed naked foot to feel the rising movement.

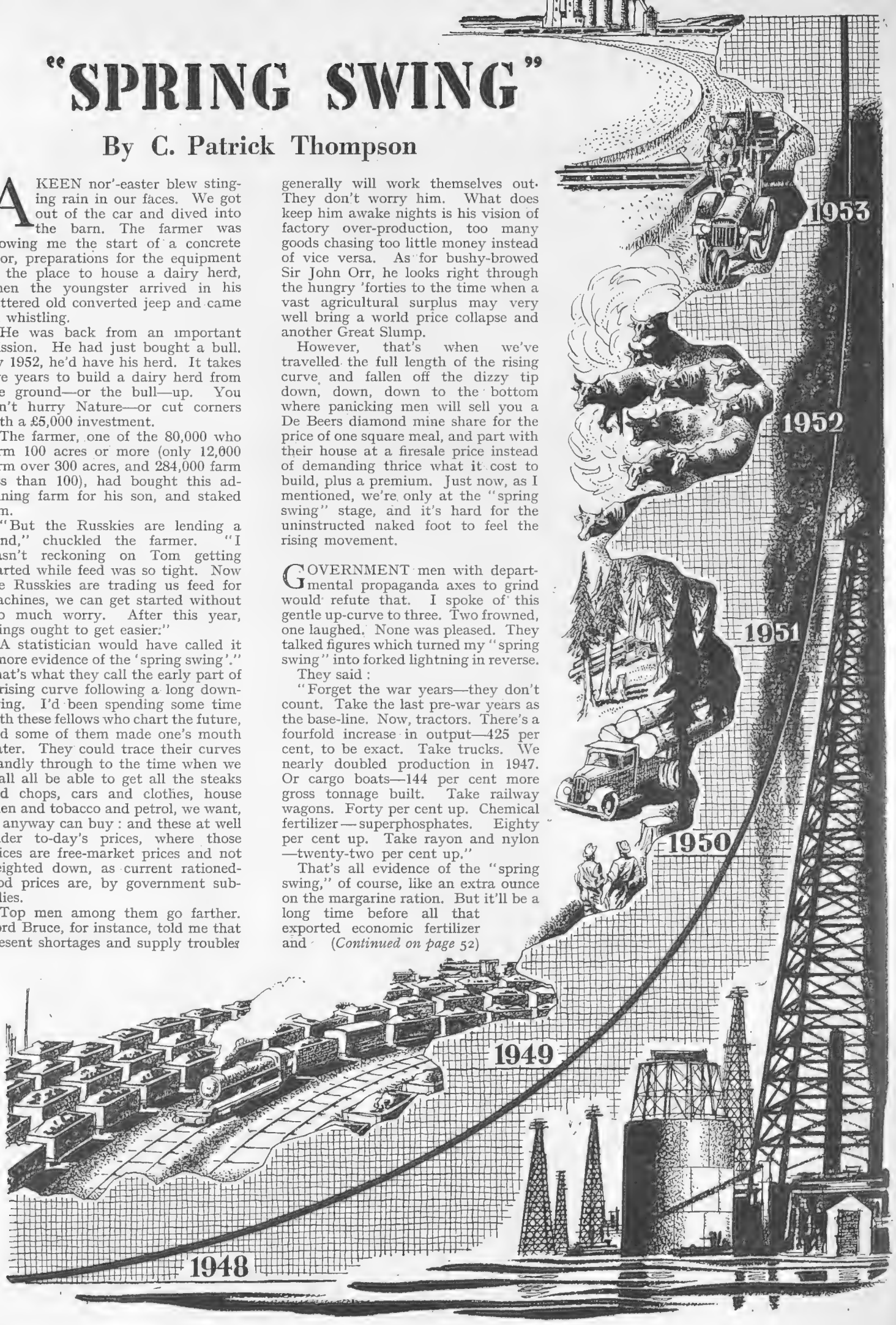
GOVERNMENT men with departmental propaganda axes to grind would refute that. I spoke of this gentle up-curve to three. Two frowned, one laughed. None was pleased. They talked figures which turned my "spring swing" into forked lightning in reverse.

They said :

"Forget the war years—they don't count. Take the last pre-war years as the base-line. Now, tractors. There's a fourfold increase in output—425 per cent, to be exact. Take trucks. We nearly doubled production in 1947. Or cargo boats—144 per cent more gross tonnage built. Take railway wagons. Forty per cent up. Chemical fertilizer — superphosphates. Eighty per cent up. Take rayon and nylon —twenty-two per cent up."

That's all evidence of the "spring swing," of course, like an extra ounce on the margarine ration. But it'll be a long time before all that exported economic fertilizer and

(*Continued on page 52*)



Was The Floating Lady An Accessory To A Horrible Murder? A Drama Of The Variety Stage

SHE looked so ill that for a moment Ephraim thought she was going to fall sideways in a faint. Leaning towards her, he whispered: "Is anything amiss, ma'am? Can I help you?"

Floating Lady

By Howard Jones

Illustrations by Frank Lea

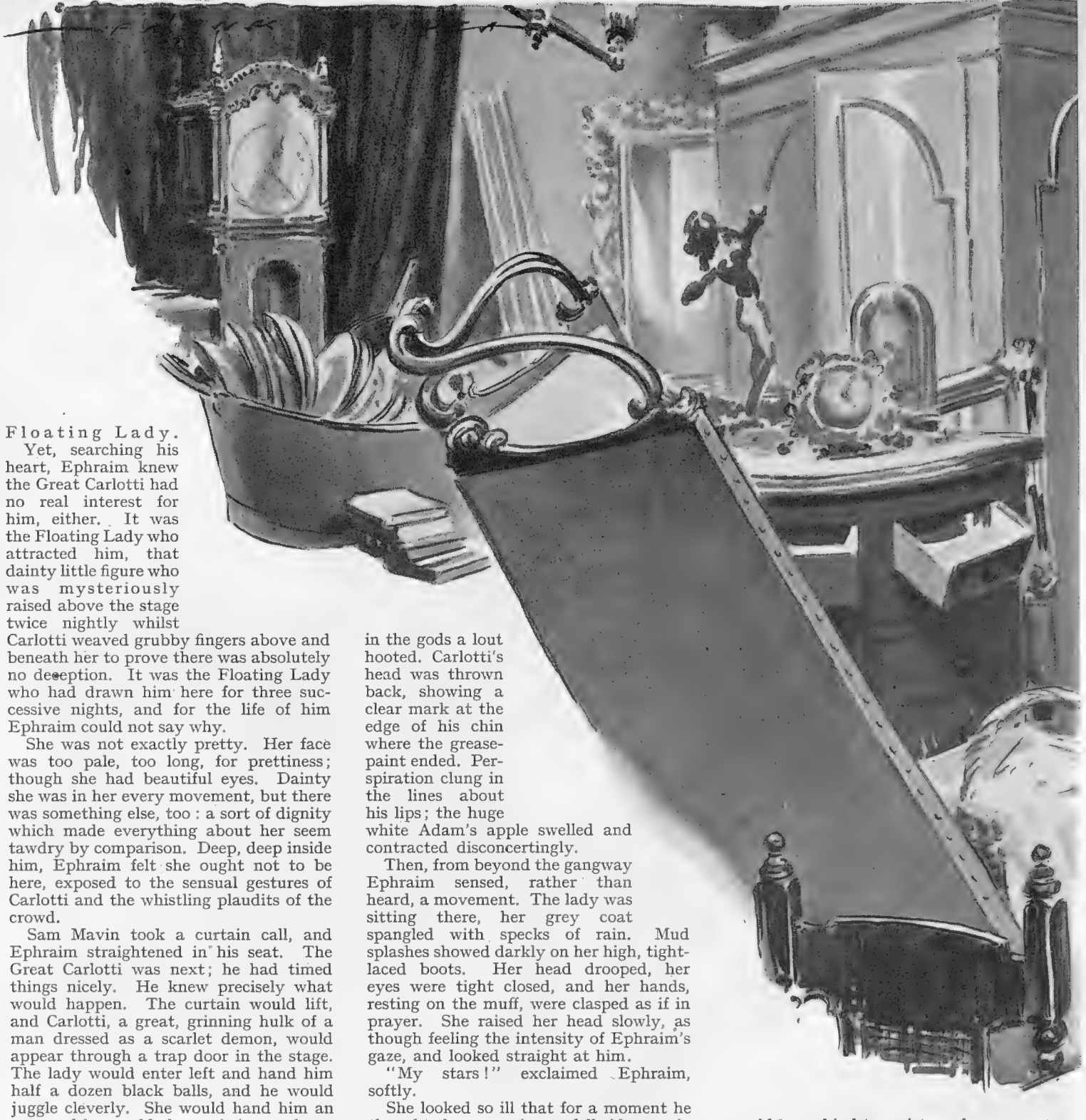
SO far as I know, the Unicorn Murder—as the newspapers of sixty years ago described it—is still listed as unsolved in the official records. My grandfather, Police Constable Ephraim Edwin Oldfield (as he was then) was directly involved in this affair, and with his recent death, the last hindrance to relating the story, as once he related it to me, has been removed.

You are under no obligation to accept his version of this sordid crime, though I do so myself without reservation. I can only tell you that I knew Ephraim well in his later years; and that, for all his impetuosity and stubbornness, I found him neither a liar nor a sensationalist. He told the story simply, with no attempt to disguise or belittle his deliberate concealment of a vital piece of evidence. Indeed, I admit that this account throws a somewhat unfavourable light on Ephraim's conduct and character.

Yet I firmly believe that had he not acted as he did, I should not be here to write down his story. It's a very odd thought, that. A very odd story, too, and you must judge its merits for yourself.

ON a wet November evening in 1889, Police Constable Ephraim Oldfield passed through the portico of the Eldorado Music Hall and bought himself a frothing pint of ale in the gaslit bar. He was at that time a tall, loose-limbed fellow of twenty-three, with a ruddy, handsome face, shrewd blue eyes, and a golden beard. At the doors into the auditorium he paused to remove his cap and overcoat: his shabby tweed suit, which he wore invariably in off-duty hours, hung shapelessly about him, proclaiming him for what he was, a countryman in town. He slung the overcoat over his arm, and with his tankard held aloft, barged towards a vacant seat on the centre gangway—a seat he had occupied for the past two nights.

The inimitable Sam Mavin was occupying the stage just then with a comic song and break-down in Negro character. But Ephraim was not remotely interested in Sam Mavin. It was the Great Carlotti he had come to see: Carlotti, the International Illusionist, and his celebrated



Floating Lady.

Yet, searching his heart, Ephraim knew the Great Carlotti had no real interest for him, either. It was the Floating Lady who attracted him, that dainty little figure who was mysteriously raised above the stage twice nightly whilst Carlotti weaved grubby fingers above and beneath her to prove there was absolutely no deception. It was the Floating Lady who had drawn him here for three successive nights, and for the life of him Ephraim could not say why.

She was not exactly pretty. Her face was too pale, too long, for prettiness; though she had beautiful eyes. Dainty she was in her every movement, but there was something else, too: a sort of dignity which made everything about her seem tawdry by comparison. Deep, deep inside him, Ephraim felt she ought not to be here, exposed to the sensual gestures of Carlotti and the whistling plaudits of the crowd.

Sam Mavin took a curtain call, and Ephraim straightened in his seat. The Great Carlotti was next; he had timed things nicely. He knew precisely what would happen. The curtain would lift, and Carlotti, a great, grinning hulk of a man dressed as a scarlet demon, would appear through a trap door in the stage. The lady would enter left and hand him half a dozen black balls, and he would juggle cleverly. She would hand him an egg, and he would change it into a dozen eggs; and he would change the dozen eggs into a stuffed canary in a cage. Then, whilst Carlotti did bewildering things with coloured ribbons, the lady would slip away, and come through the pass door on the right very quietly, dressed in a long grey coat, a black hat, and a muff, and sit down in the stalls. Presently, Carlotti would ask if any lady in the audience would care to assist him in his next experiment, his celebrated Floating Lady illusion. The lady would go up at once, and Carlotti would weave his hands about her in that oddly sickening way.

Ephraim was ready for all this. A flutter of excitement moved in him as Carlotti shot up through the trap. But to-night something was wrong. The lady did not appear, and Carlotti wasn't grinning. He swung round, grabbed the six black balls from a table behind him, and started juggling. He fumbled; a ball rolled into the footlights; somewhere up in the gods a lout hooted. Carlotti's head was thrown back, showing a clear mark at the edge of his chin where the grease-paint ended. Perspiration clung in the lines about his lips; the huge white Adam's apple swelled and contracted disconcertingly.

Then, from beyond the gangway Ephraim sensed, rather than heard, a movement. The lady was sitting there, her grey coat spangled with specks of rain. Mud splashes showed darkly on her high, tight-laced boots. Her head drooped, her eyes were tight closed, and her hands, resting on the muff, were clasped as if in prayer. She raised her head slowly, as though feeling the intensity of Ephraim's gaze, and looked straight at him.

"My stars!" exclaimed Ephraim, softly.

She looked so ill that for a moment he thought she was going to fall sideways in a faint. He half rose, and leaning towards her, whispered: "Is anything amiss, ma'am? Can I help you?" She did not answer, but shrank into her seat with an expression of cold terror in her fine dark eyes. Ephraim was so startled that he could only stare at her, feeling he must do something for her now, immediately, but he couldn't think what. From the gloom rearwards, an attendant growled: "'Ullo, 'ullo! What's going on oop thar?" Ephraim, suddenly abashed, dropped back into his seat.

On the stage, Carlotti was fussing with coloured ribbons. His eyes jerked this way and that into the auditorium. They rested at length on the centre gangway, and for the first time he permitted himself a smile. Swiftly the ribbons became a Union Jack. Applause trickled down from the upper regions.

"Please, ladies and gentlemen! Gentlemen and ladies, please! . . . If some lady would be so kind to assist me for my next experiment. . . ."

The lady rose, and went up. There followed then the usual routine: Carlotti's hands; the laying of the lady on the trestle; the slow, smooth, upward movement of her body; the hands again, weaving above and beneath her; the return to the trestle; the final orchestra chord as the curtains dropped.

Ephraim watched it to the end. Then he rose, replenished his tankard at the bar, and stood there, sipping thoughtfully, one great boot tapping on the brass rail.

The coldness of her eyes! By heaven, she'd been afeared! By heaven, he should have done something for her! . . . Yes, but what? He felt frustrated, perplexed, oddly out of temper with himself. Presently, he put on his overcoat and cap, and went out. Rain was still falling, and under the street lamps, the water running through the cobbles seemed like slender

EPHRAIM pushed at the door. As the splinter of flickering light widened and engulfed him, he saw at his feet a crumpled white square. He picked it up. It was a woman's handkerchief

yellow snakes. He crossed York Road, and turned into the gloom of Engel Street, his quickest route to the station house.

A little way along the street he stopped, staring with lifted eyebrows at Nicky Coen's junk shop. He knew the shop well: it was not long since he had been detailed to keep an eye on it, for Nicky combined with his junk business a more questionable trade in stolen goods. What immediately attracted Ephraim's attention was the fact that, although the windows and door were closely shuttered, the door stood ever so slightly ajar.

He crossed the road, and pushed at the door. As the splinter of flickering light widened and engulfed him, he saw at his feet a crumpled white square. He picked it up. It was a woman's handkerchief, mud-streaked, smelling faintly of lavender.

Now he stood inside the shop, and he realized at once that a thorough-going "job" had been done. Drawers were open, their contents broadcast; vases scattered and smashed; crates and boxes tipped on their sides, trailing a vast amount of rubbish. Ephraim whistled.

"My stars! What a mess! What a mess!"

He went towards the counter. There he stopped, staring at a dark puddle on the distant edge. He jabbed out his little finger; withdrew it, tipped with crimson. Then he peered over the counter, and what he saw made his stomach lift. Old Nicky Coen lay on his back, his arms flung wide. The right side of his head was horribly beaten, his face swamped with blood.

At his feet was a blood-smeared Indian club.

Ephraim ran round the counter and took the old man's wrist. There was no discernible pulse. But suddenly, Nicky moved his lips, muttering something Ephraim couldn't catch. He bent his head. And now he heard a husky whisper, like a voice speaking from a distant world.

"Uni . . . corn. . . . Unicorn did me. . . . Him, uni . . . corn. . . ."

Then silence.

Ephraim took off his coat, folded it, and placed it beneath the old man's head. Then he raced down Engel Street towards the Dallas Row Police Station.

AT midnight, Ephraim stood with Sergeant Harris and Inspector Smeed in Nicky Coen's shop. The inspector, a boney, red-headed north-countryman, knotted his fists on his hips, and made little hissing noises through his teeth; and the sergeant, recognizing the danger signs, moved a step towards the door. For half a minute nothing happened. Then the inspector turned on Ephraim with a snarl.

"Of all the blamed fules! Why didn't tha fetch a doctor first?"

"'Twouldn't have done no good, sir," said Ephraim. "Nickey was a goner before I left him. And I thought the police surgeon. . . ."

"You thought! You thought! A right mess you've made of things with tha thinking! If you'd fetched a doctor sharp, 'e might 'ave kept old 'un alive long enough to tell us somethun useful. It's plain what's 'appened: some old lag's done 'im for 'is brass—it's plain as tha face! But 'oo done it—thar's the point! Nicky could 'ave told, but you let 'im die on thee. You blamed, damn fule, you!"

The colour rose in Ephraim's cheeks.

"I know a dead man when I see one," he muttered.

"Quite enough o' that, me man!" retorted the inspector. "You've been gross negligent, don't tha forget it! As for what Nicky said, 'e might as well been dead for all the use it is. It don't mean a thing."

"I've an idea it means something, sir," said Ephraim, stubbornly.

"'Ave tha now! Got the idea it were a chap name of Unicorn done 'im, 'ave tha?"

"Might have been some sort of nickname, sir. You never can tell. Then again, I reckon it was a left-handed chap did the job."

"Ho, dear me! Name of Unicorn and left-'anded, too! Very bright you are, Oldfield! What was 'e left-'anded for?"

This fine sarcasm was lost on Ephraim, who was determined to justify himself.

"Well, sir, I judge Nicky was on the far side of the counter, and the murderer was here, facing him. He probably gets Nicky to look at something or other, and then he swings the club. I judge he swings left-handed because it's the right side of Nicky's head that gets mushed up."

"Very clever!" remarked Inspector Smeed. "A blamed sight too clever! Supposin' Nicky was looking towards the window, a right-'anded chap could 'ave cotched 'im right side of the 'ead, easy."

"But Nicky wouldn't have looked towards the window, sir."

"Ho! Why not?"

"No point in it," said Ephraim. "The window's all shuttered up."

The inspector took a long breath.

"'Old tha blamed, damn fule tongue! 'Old tha tongue and 'arken to me! I don't want to 'ear tha fanciful theories. Thee and tha (*Continued on page* 58)

The Spivs Of Paris

France, Too, Has Her "Drones"...

By Harry J. Greenwall

A FRENCH friend of mine who was educated in England said to me in Paris the other day: "Funny thing, you have no *Systéme D* in England." That set me thinking. Had not my friend "got something there"? Maybe that, unknowingly, he had put his finger on the genesis of "Spivery." Perhaps, after all, "Spivs" began their existence in Paris and not in London? I wonder.

Our conversation and my friend's thoughtful comment was provoked by the fact that he had broken the back axle of his English car; a mutual friend of ours had taken the axle back to Britain to be repaired, but the rules, regulations and frustrations which nowadays seem to beset Britain had prevented the return of the repaired axle. Hence the alleged and regretted absence of *Systéme D* in Britain, but I must explain this system.

To do so I must jump you back to the first World War when "*Systéme D,*" meaning "*Systéme Directe,*" was born. Literally it means to "short circuit" something; direct action; cutting through red tape. That was in the beginning. The system was born in the French Army, but soon enough it spread to the civilians and it became to mean a manner of means of evading such things as say: customs duty, dodging income and other taxes. You will understand, perhaps, how it began in a more or less honest way, more perhaps and not less. Then it became less and less honest among the civilians. Finally, "*Systéme D*" became a matter of pitting one's brains against another's.

In Britain about the same time the word "wangle" became a popular army term, and then, inevitably, spread into civilian life. A soldier talked about "wangling" leave; his wife "wangled" a bit of extra beef from the butcher. Yet there was a world of difference between the British "wangle" and the French "*Systéme D.*" The British method was good-humoured artfulness; the French, cool and calculating direct action.

As a matter of fact, a *poilu* working the Direct System would not stop at rubbing out a name and substituting his own, or, like the hero of Arnold Bennett's *The Card,* add his own name to an already prepared list. But there was another expression which must be placed alongside that of "*Systéme D.*" This is the age-old French expression: "*a connaitre quel'q'un.*" To "know somebody."

Ah, the wealth of meaning in those three words. French Governments have been built up on no firmer foundation. To "know somebody" was enough. In the first World War it was sufficient to get you a war contract or a "cushy" job. There, again, you have another branch of the ancestry of "Spivery."

In Paris as in London the "Spiv" is a man in the street.

One of the star turns of the Paris Spivs. Two cardboard figures which obey the commands of the "Spieller"

Dates, the supplies of which seem inexhaustible, being sold from a barrow on the pavement

(*On left*) Grapes are plentiful and sell from the stalls at seventy francs and more per kilo

The curb and sometimes the pavement itself is his market place, but in Paris, as I will in a moment relate, the "Spiv" sometimes goes underground and practises there. In Paris, however, there are certain traditions to be observed, traditions which afford more scope to the "Spiv" than to his opposite number in London. For instance, when a stretch of road or pavement is up for repair, roped off, by hallowed custom the "Spiv" is allowed to ply his profession in peace, unhampered by the police. He sets up his light trestle table and sets out his wares.

In Paris, candles are in short supply; the shops have none; the "Spivs" have. The electricity cuts means a demand for candles, and the "Spivs" do well. Razor blades seem to be second favourite, while a brisk trade is done in various plastic articles, certainly cheaper and better than one finds in the shops. Then, invariably one finds a "Spiv" of what we used to call in English the "cheap Jack" brand, what the English "Spivs" now call a "spieller," placed in the many street markets which appear in a number of Paris *quartiers* two or three times a week.

They will be selling almost anything; this week it may be a gadget to enable the housewife to make carrots look prettier, or something to deal quicker with potatoes; the next week the same man will be "doing his stuff," rattling off his "spiel" to push along his trade in, say, silk stockings or some other textile articles. When textiles in France were rationed, the "Spivs" had no need to shout; the goods practically sold themselves. Now, for several months, textiles have been "free," so the "Spivs" have to compete with (*Continued on page* 56)

KING WHO DIED A BEGGAR

The Tragedy and Farce of Baron Theodore von Neuhoff, King of Corsica

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

IN the 1740's one of the strangest adventurers in European history arrived in London to be fêted as the ex-King of Corsica. Baron Theodore von Neuhoff had been a page at the Court of Louis XIV., gone into diplomacy in a big way, intrigued and campaigned in half-a-dozen countries. His crowning exploit, in 1736, was to sail into the Bay of Aleria with a ship-load of arms for the Corsican patriots, champion them in their fight against Genoese oppressors, and formally become their King.

He had always been a lady's man. In the ensuing campaign in the *maquis* of that turbulent island, he was secretly befriended by a beautiful Corsican girl, Xaviera, whom he smuggled into his palace at Cervione.

At the risk of her life she kept him informed of intrigues and vendettas among the Corsican leaders, and warned him when eventually they turned against him. She had to flee to Sardinia; he to Europe.

In London the exiled King was a figure of romance and glamour, honoured guest of dukes, duchesses, Cabinet Ministers, Horace Walpole, hero of a popular "mobbing" at Vauxhall Gardens. His Corsican adventure had certainly fired the popular imagination, for people paid a shilling just to see the room he had occupied before a last desperate attempt to regain his throne.

For a time he lodged in Mount Street, Mayfair—on credit; then, when the duns became persistent, sought diplomatic refuge in the Dutch Legation, since he had close connections with Holland and had raised considerable sums there for his royal gamble. An

In London the exiled King was a figure of romance and glamour and hero of a popular "mobbing" at Vauxhall Gardens

implacable enemy was the Genoese Minister here, Gastaldi, whose agents contrived to lure him out of the Legation by means of a forged invitation purporting to come from Lord Granville. Neuhoff, hopelessly in debt, could not resist an invitation from an earl that might mean financial salvation. Once in the street, he was rushed by bailiffs and flung into the King's Bench prison.

NEUHOFF the debtor was as much a sensation as Neuhoff the monarch. Fashionable London flocked to Southwark to see him, blocking the narrow, dingy streets with their elegant coaches, bringing him gifts of money, food and clothing.

Seated on a rickety truckle-bed in a bare, squalid room, this wily Court veteran of sixty would prattle of his voyages and ventures and the famous figures he had known. He even held investitures, still as King, bestowing the accolade of the Order of Deliverance on any puffed-up patron who would make it worth his while. The turnkeys winked and joked about it; Walpole was so intrigued by this mock ceremonial that he wanted Hogarth to sketch it for posterity. But the novelty did not last long.

A vivid account of the squalid background is given in Valerie Pirie's excellent biography, *His Majesty of Corsica.* The man who had been king soon became a neglected pauper, entirely dependent on his share of pittances begged at the prison doors, and this was insufficient to provide light, fire, or food to supplement the watery skilly. He had to sell his bed, and for days, in the most bitter weather, would lie brooding on his pallet with his face to the wall, while his fellow-prisoners snored, cursed, diced, or got noisily drunk—for the gaolers would sell liquor to anyone able to pay for it, at a price.

During the day anyone, including the most degraded type of woman, had entry to the prison, which housed women and children as well as men. The whole place was filthy, verminous, insanitary; no medical treatment was provided unless paid for. When inmates died of disease their bodies were left unattended for days. It was a Hogarthian shambles, sordid beyond belief.

Neuhoff languished there for months that dragged into years, spending his begged coins on pen, ink and paper to solicit aid for his release, but always in vain. His health broke down, he was afflicted with fevers. Not until 1753 was Walpole moved to make a public appeal in his behalf, which induced Garrick to stage a performance for his benefit. It yielded only £50. Neuhoff, imagining he had been tricked over other subscriptions, threatened proceedings, and Walpole, disgusted, vowed "that he had done with countenacing kings." Two years later Neuhoff was permitted to walk out of that debtors' hell with others who had been reprieved. "I have nothing but my kingdom of Corsica," he replied haughtily to the magistrates' routine enquiry about "assets."

FOR some months the Soho backstreets swallowed him, then back to the prison he went, one November day,

Fashionable London flocked to Southwark to see the exiled King, blocking the narrow, dingy streets with their elegant coaches

He held investitures, still as King, bestowing the accolade of the Order of Deliverance on any puffed-up patron who would make it worth his while

as the only refuge against the cold. Evidently he was reduced to using the plane as a doss-house, begging his food by day or picking it up from market waste. In Corsica he had strutted in royal robes elaborately designed by himself, surrounded by Court ceremonial, ministers, generals. Now he was an abject down-and-out, racked by fever, treated as an eccentric joke by fellow-outcasts.

Squalor merged into tragedy and farce when at last he mustered the shreds of royalty to hire a hackney chair to take him to the Portuguese Embassy in South Audley Street. "What, take this scarecrow to an *Embassy?*" queried the chairmen.

Something in his mien induced them to do so, and when he was brusquely turned away and no sixpence was forthcoming for the fare, he bade them go on to the only other address he could think of—a tailor's in Little Chapel Street, Soho, with whom he had once had dealings.

The tailor, recognising this pathetic remnant of a king — he, too, was of German origin, which helped—paid the fare, seated his shivering visitor by the stove, flung a cloak round him, brought him some hot coffee, then led him to a small back room and put him to bed. Obviously, he was ill and starved. The least one could do was to offer him shelter, albeit in a servant's room, cold and ill-lit, which was little more than a dungeon. The servant girl, providentially—since it was December, and freezing—had vacated the bed in favour of her master's, a comforting arrangement which was not so unusual in Hogarth's eighteenth century and gained in warmth what it lacked in morality. Even without love there was a lot to be said in those days—or nights—for propinquity.

She didn't like this beggarly old interloper, couldn't understand why her master treated him with deference, but—under protest—took him gruel and tended him after her fashion. He was in a semi-coma. His mind wandered. He addressed imaginary personages in a number of languages.

Only a few days of that, then he was finished with Courts, thrones, prisons, poverty, the slings and arrows of a cold, hard world. . . . His Majesty of

Corsica lay in state—at 5, Little Chapel Street, Soho.

Literally. For news soon spread that this vagrant was indeed the King, and while the tailor went out to arrange the usual funeral formalities, the girl saw no reason why she shouldn't cash in on it. Already neighbours were calling to look at him; others crowded in out of curiosity.

SHE lay the wizened old man on a bright yellow curtain, decked him out in a shabby scarlet livery, found a battered scabbard to place in his gnarled, waxen hands, tied a remnant of faded gold lacing round his head for a crown, pinned to the wall above him a sheet of paper on which was scrawled "HIS MAJESTYE OF CORSICA." She had rummaged these relics from an old chest, and then turned a truckle-bed into a catafalque. The price of admission was 2d. per head.

When the tailor returned he found a laughing, joking, gloating crowd milling through his humble shop. When, angrily, he ordered them out, they replied that they had waited their turn and paid their money and meant to have its worth. The biographer describes the scene as "pandemonium"—a seething mass of swaying, struggling figures which might have given serious trouble but for a well-dressed man, who called them to order and persuaded them to leave quietly, promising that they should see the funeral, which he intended paying for and would be as grand a sight as any Lord Mayor's Show.

He kept his word. The King who died a beggar was buried in the paupers' plot at St. Anne's, Soho, on December 15th, 1756, in an excellent coffin. Walpole supplied the epitaph:

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings.
But Theodore *his moral learned ere dead;*
Fate poured its lesson on his living *head,*
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread. [END]

The servant girl had rummaged some relics from an old chest and had turned a truckle-bed into a catafalque. The price of admission was 2d. per head

Return Of Hospitality

By Wilma Buckley

As we are four for lunch, anyway, two more won't make the slightest bit of difference

The invitation to share "pot-luck" that results in a surprisingly well-thought-out and well-arranged menu

MOST human beings are hospitable by nature. To-day, in spite of scanty domestic help, food rationing, shortages of every kind (including linen), and transport problems, visitors are welcomed and encouraged just as much as in the old days of carefree living. Even more.

Perhaps it is because there is no longer a temperamental cook to placate; suddenly-announced extra numbers throw no onus on to anyone but the hostess-housewife, who not only issues the warm invitation ("As we are four for lunch, anyway, two more won't make the *slightest* bit of difference. . . . I can manage *easily*!"), but is unlikely to give notice as a result. Or perhaps it is due to the characteristically British trait of making the best of things and refusing to be "downed" by difficulties, or to an instinctive, primitive, positively tribal, gathering-together in a time of trouble and depression.

Whatever the cause, and in the very teeth of the most discouraging circumstances (particularly in the country, where getting about is extremely complicated), the spirit of hospitality seems everywhere to be alive and flourishing; invitations to cocktail parties, to meals, are issued without a moment's hesitation. . . . The task of supplying adequate drinks and food will be subsequently grappled with, somehow. Even the owners of spare rooms display a gratifying eagerness to see them filled.

But the technique of visiting has suffered a subtle change. Where once it was considered ill-mannered ("Treating the house like a hotel"), to absent oneself from morning until night, nowadays such behaviour is looked upon as the height of tact. The occupant of the town spare bedroom who is out for all meals, save breakfast, will usually be welcomed with open arms.

A CERTAIN degree of imagination, in fact, is required of the would-be perfect guest. To make your own bed, keep your room tidy, occupy the bathroom at a time when the rest of the household can do without it, are elementary rules. Helping to carry trays to and from the kitchen, laying the table, and giving a hand with the washing-up are matters that require judgment, varying from house to house. Some women like their sinks to themselves, gratefully accepting, nevertheless, some help with the subsequent drying. Others are genuinely relieved if a capable guest takes charge of the dining-room arrangements. And some prefer their visitors to keep out of the kitchen entirely, to relax in the sitting-room before and after meals, and to behave like old-style guests and enjoy being waited on.

A stranger in the pantry, with the best intentions in the world, can hinder rather than help . . . not knowing where everything is kept, not understanding the particular routine of tidying-up and putting-away that has been evolved by the hostess, apt to make work rather than save it.

It used to be stressed, in old manuals of etiquette, that visiting gentlewomen should, usually, spend some part of the day up in their bedrooms, sewing or embroidering, writing letters, or just resting.

The accent on "gentlewomen" now seems curiously old-fashioned, but the essential fact remains: that any female visitor will be looked upon with favour if she retires to her own quarters, leaving the host and hostess to their own devices, for at least some portion of the day. Self-effacement is a most desirable attribute in the house-guest, marked, not only by a decent withdrawal from the scene at well-chosen intervals, but by merging into the normal background of the household. The visitor with self-centred habits—leaving personal possessions scattered about the drawing-room, using every ash-tray in turn, insisting on special food, arriving for a week's stay without rations or a card, monopolizing the radio, being uncooperative about trains and taxis, "spoiling" the household pets against all rules, or complaining about them—is not likely to be invited a second time.

And it goes without saying that any hostess worthy of her salt will provide a spare room so warmed, lighted, and furnished that guests will not hurry out of it to seek greater comfort elsewhere, to make a sympathetic note of each visitor's personal idiosyncrasies, and to avoid any suggestion that an (*continued on page* 62)

A stranger in the pantry with the best intentions in the world, can hinder rather than help

Helping to carry trays to and from the kitchen and giving a hand with the washing up are matters that require judgment, varying from house to house

Lady, Shed Your Wings

Did Destiny Impel Merilla To Make A Forced Landing On A Lonely Island In The Antipodes?

By Michael Hastings

THERE had, Merilla thought, never been a forced landing as strange as this one. At Lydda there had been an ambulance, a crash tender and a stampede of ground staff—in fact, everything they could muster apart from the winged Pegasus which adorned the entrance hall of the control buildings. Naturally, you couldn't expect similar facilities on an island which seemed to possess little more than palm trees and a stretch of silvery beach. But there could be the same eagerness to help. After all, at Lydda there had been nothing worse than a spluttering starboard engine—this time the engine had spat itself into a sulky silence.

But the old man—incidentally, he looked rather frightening in a patriarchal way—gave no sign of coming to her assistance. He stood there, half-way between the nearest palms and the aircraft, with his bare feet well apart. He leaned upon something that was more a club than a stick.

Merilla jumped from the shoulder of a wing, landed awkwardly in sand which was softer than she had expected, and walked towards him. She felt that her movements were ungainly. Her legs were stiff and served her reluctantly. A sense of inferiority increased. She shook her head with annoyance, loosening the bronze waves which had been constricted by her flying helmet.

Then she looked up at the old man, uncomfortably aware that he was a good twelve inches taller than herself.

"I—I'm Merilla Preston," she announced.

He was in no hurry to answer. First he looked out at the sea, as hard and blue in the powerful light as his own eyes; then he studied the furrows scored across the beach by the landing aircraft. For the machine itself he spared no more than a casual, incurious glance.

"Never heard of you," he said. His voice was harsh. The words seemed to ricochet at her from a rock of flint.

"I'm flying to Australia," she explained. "Solo—an attempt at a new record."

He stared; but showed no interest.

"You've landed at the wrong place, then. This isn't Australia."

Merilla gasped. The cold effrontery of it!

"I'm aware of that," she replied sharply. "This is an island. A very small island. You can see all over it at a thousand feet—less than that. I landed because my starboard engine cut out."

There was no sympathy, no softening of his features. If anything his nose became more like an eagle's beak. The ruled line of his mouth remained unchanged. His greying beard seemed to bristle like the quills of a disturbed porcupine.

"How long will it take you to fix it?" he demanded.

All thought of asking for assistance vanished. Merilla said, trying to match his coldness: "By to-morrow, perhaps."

He considered this, then began to move away. He flung the words back at her like a charity crust: "You'll find a hut back among those palms. You can use it for the night. Me and my son will move over the other side of the island. We'll not intrude on you. Mind you treat us the same way."

A dozen different emotions used Merilla as a playground. They robbed her of speech. Hands on hips, she could only stare at the formidable old man as he walked away. Then a second figure came towards the beach—this one running with an effortless stride.

Merilla's eyes widened. Frustration and anger crept away. She had never seen a young man like this one. If the old man was a patriarch, the young one was an Apollo. Being modern, the thought which came to her was: physique plus. She thought of bespectacled, narrow-shouldered Gregory Dodds, who was popularly imagined to be her future husband. Her lips curled. Two Gregs could be carved from this man, and there would still be something over. Instinctively, she patted her hair into place and worried about the powder compact which she had left in the aircraft.

Now the position was going to be very different. The old man would be discomfited, over-ruled. Being very young and very human she began to consider something devastating which she could utter when he apologized. Something on the lines of. . . . Her thoughts were checked.

The old man called out. She could not distinguish what he said; but the gesture with the club-like stick was unmistakable. The young man stopped running. He went up to the old man's side. There was a brief, lively argument. Then the two of them walked away together.

Merilla looked indignantly seawards. Her lips quivered a little. But her firmly-moulded chin took control. She started to walk back to the crippled machine. Suddenly, she kicked at the unoffending sand and cried: "Brawn! Just brawn and nothing else!"

BY sundown, she had slipped off her dungarees and donned a simple print dress. In no mood for tackling the recalcitrant starboard engine, she wandered up the beach to the palms and found the hut. It was a primitive construction, roofed with broad leaves similar to those which formed a canopy high above it. Inside, it was bare, except for a very rough bench and a couch-like construction of interwoven, willowy branches. She pulled the bench outside, sat facing the beach and the sea, and smoked a cigarette.

She looked out in moody contemplation until a slight rustling made her turn. Then she jumped to her feet. It was the handsome young giant, even more attractive at close quarters. She felt better for seeing him, even though her immediate reaction was to be as rude as possible.

His smile, though, disarmed her. It was boyish and friendly. And he was nervous, she noticed. He didn't know what to do with his powerful hands. He didn't stand as steadily as his father. He shuffled, and drew a pattern in the soft earth with a bare, big toe.

"I came over to see if I could help," he said.

"It's a bit late for that, isn't it?" she asked coldly. And came near to spoiling the effect by telling him that his voice was so much more pleasant than his father's. She only just contrived to suppress the words in time.

Instead of showing signs of penitence, his mouth widened into a tolerant smile. "You mustn't mind dad. He's crusty so far as women are concerned. Has been—for as long as I can remember. They have long memories on the north-east coast, you know. He comes from South Shields. I was born—and abandoned—there. Dad came back from a long trip to find that his home had gone. He rescued me from a shabby lodging-house. I asked him if he'd brought mother with him. He didn't answer. He seemed to look through me into the wall beyond. Well, we never spoke of her again."

"I'm sorry," Merilla murmured. "I suppose he's brooded on it ever since."

MERILLA tensed a little and then relaxed. "I'm beginning to feel sleepy," she said. "You know where your shelter is," Philip said quietly

"That's about it," he agreed. "He's normal enough about all other things. We've had grand times together. Going everywhere. I suppose my education suffered; but it wasn't entirely neglected."

"How did you come to this island?"

"Found it. It's one of two which don't seem to be charted. We were blown off our course on a trading schooner. The other one has a wicked reef; but we found an anchorage here. Dad fell in love with the place and when he suggested making a home here I was a-tingle to join him." He leaned back a little and laughed. "I suppose I hadn't outgrown the Robinson Crusoe stage! Dad persuaded another skipper to ship us here and to call every six months bringing supplies. We've been here. . . ." He paused for swift calculation. "Oh, I suppose three years."

Looking through the palms at the inviting stretch of beach, Merilla felt that she understood.

"It must be fun, having an island all of your own," she said.

"Not a bad life," he told her. "Swimming, fishing, lying in the sun. Everything a man could want except——"

"And I had to drop in and spoil it all," Merilla said quickly.

He leaned a little closer to her.

"I'd prefer to say that you completed it," he said.

She turned her head away and felt irritated with herself. She thought, severely: Merilla Preston you're on the verge of blushing. Are you Merilla Preston the airwoman or are you a schoolgirl? Heavens, woman! You'll be giggling next!

"Your father didn't seem to see it that way," she said, and was relieved that her voice sounded calm.

"I've explained about him. What he thinks doesn't matter."

"It seemed to—this morning."

"Oh! I knew you were unharmed. I've seen aircraft land before, you know. So I reckoned that it could wait. No sense in getting the old man all excited. He isn't quite rational on that one subject, as I told you."

"What would he think if he knew you were here now?"

"He'd be mad about it. And all the more convinced that he's come to the right decision."

"Right decision!" She stared at him. "What do you mean by that?" There was a little warning flash in her eyes.

"Oh, he's sending me away. Over to the other island."

Merilla stared at him, unbelievingly.

"And you mean to tell me that you're going?"

"I rather think so," he said, with a smile. A particularly irritating smile because it baffled her. There were icicles in her voice as she replied: "I don't see why he should go to so much trouble. It isn't as though my arrival has made a great impression upon you."

He had the audacity to laugh outright.

"There are only two ways of dealing with a tiresome old man who is cracked upon one subject," he explained. "One is to hit him over the head and drop him in the sea."

Merilla started. The words were not lightly spoken. They seemed to be the outcome of serious thought. Her eyes widened a little. Evidently the remarkable young man realized her dawning alarm. He added quickly: "I must admit that it didn't appeal to me. I'm very fond of him. And I don't think strength should be used that way. I'd rather do battle against the sea or the hurricane."

Merilla's breath seemed to suffer several small punctures. This was the kind of man of whom she had dreamed. She was suddenly aware that all through her career as an airwoman she had been watching for a man who possessed the elemental strength of a natural fighter. She'd seen the strength more than once; but it was always marred by an ugly exterior or diverted into mean, bullying channels.

"So you're going to the other island," she said thoughtfully. "But didn't you tell me that a boat couldn't make it?"

"Oh, the reef! It's possible to make a passage in a canoe. We have one built on the same lines as those used by the Polynesians. All that's required is a strong wrist used at the right moment. I've made the trip scores of times."

"And when do you go?"

"Soon after dawn."

"Then we shan't see each other again," she said and was surprised at how stiff and formal her voice sounded.

He laughed. "You forget that I said there were two ways of dealing with an awkward old man."

Merilla frowned.

"Just what do you mean?" she demanded.

"The other way is to convert him—to sweep the bitterness out of him."

"How are you going to do that?"

"I'm not sure yet. There will be a way. I can see the beginning of it. But I need more time to work out the end."

"Tell me about the beginning."

"I go to the other island. That pleases him and he will calm down. He might even offer to help you. That engine of yours isn't too good. It can't be fixed properly. I heard it cut out—and I know a bit about engines. I know the song of an engine—and its swan song. You've a long stretch of sea ahead of you—too much sea. But you can reach the other island."

Merilla straightened up.

"I can do no such thing!" she cried indignantly. And was furious with her thoughts. It would serve the abominably rude old man right. But that was no reason why she should go out of her way to teach him a lesson. Then she looked at the smile and the steady eyes above it. Something inside her weakened. "It might not be possible to land there," she said slowly. (*Continued on page* 64)

SHE pressed on and the water soaked the hem of the flimsy dress into which she had changed. It became difficult to control the canoe, which seemed to be gripped by a dozen invisible hands

The detached bell tower at Chichester. Built in the fifteenth century, this is the only campanile in association with a cathedral in the country

The Market Cross at Chichester is the most elaborate of all such medieval structures now surviving in this country

Superlatives

Written and photographed by Staniland Pugh

IT is interesting to seek out the largest and the smallest, the tallest and shortest the oldest, the finest, and so on.

In considering these superlatives, one is on safe ground when the statement can be supported by fact, which admits of no argument such as the highest mountain, the tallest building or the longest river, but when we come to those which may be based on opinion such as the prettiest village it will be wiser to refrain from being dogmatic and confine our references to definite features.

Commencing with specimens of which there is one alone in this land, we have the Saxon tower of Sompting Church, near Worthing, which is capped with a "Rhenish Helm" roof. Strange to say, this curiosity is identical with others to be found in the Rhineland, but in England it is the only example of its kind.

The bells of Chichester Cathedral are not hung in the main building but in a separate tower standing a short distance away.

This is the only case in England of a campanile in association with a cathedral.

Incidentally, Chichester has the only ancient cathedral in this country that can be seen from the sea, and possesses the most elaborately carved Market Cross.

The first and only complete pre-conquest stone building in England is the Saxon Church of St. Laurence, Bradford-on-Avon, an outstanding example of architecture and sculpture of Saxon times.

Its chancel arch is the narrowest in England, being only 3 feet by 6 feet.

At Ripley, near Harrogate, is a (*Continued on page* 54)

Cirencester has by far the largest and certainly the most singular church porch in England, a great three-storied structure

The Saxon tower of Sompting Church, near Worthing, which is capped with a "Rhenish Helm" roof. Only example of its kind in England

(On right). The only medieval fortified bridge is at Monmouth, where the western gate stands astride the bridge spanning the Monnow River

Ruth Went Gleaning

But Her First Love Was Not Her Best Love

By Mary Just

RUTH FORTESCUE'S brother-in-law, Tom Marling, always said that his wife's younger sister was rightly named. Whoever thought of christening her "Ruth," must have had a prescience of her future character. She gleaned! She had a genius for gleaning.

Perhaps we should here mention, for the benefit of those whose education has been of more recent years, that the original Ruth was a charming little widow, who went gleaning in the harvest fields, and gleaned, amongst other things, a very rich husband called Boaz. You will find the story in the Old Testament, and will also discover that Ruth did not do this intentionally. She just went gleaning. The other thing happened quite by chance.

Ruth Fortescue never gleaned in an unpleasant way. Nobody could say that she took what wasn't hers, that was not her way at all. She was sweet and quiet and gentle and very self-possessed. Perhaps there was a reason for this. She had what is now technically known as "had it," quite early in life, and although people tell us there is no such thing as a broken heart, Ruth had achieved a very fair imitation. Kenley Powell had come into her life, turned it to gold and rose for a year or two, and then wandered out again, letters coming at longer and longer intervals, and becoming shorter and shorter when they did come, beginning "My dearest Ruth," instead of "My Darling," and finally, "So sorry this is such a scrap, my dear." At last he had told her straight out that it was finished. Ruth, true to form, said very little. She asked for no sympathy. When people said: "I never see you around with Ken Powell nowadays," she just put on a carefully cultivated poker-face, and said," "Oh, that's all over long ago."

AS far as she was concerned, however, it was not over. She knew that she was of that type that loves and gives all. The thing had happened about fifteen years ago, but she still loved the memory of Ken, and she had refused several other quite charming people, because she only wanted him. She now lived with her sister and brother-in-law, who were very fond of her, as indeed everyone was . . . and she gleaned.

This gleaning was a family jest. It began when a very "difficult" old lady came to stay, a relation of Tom, her brother-in-law. She was everything that was unpleasant, but she was very rich, and the whole family felt that it would be stupid not to . . . well—how shall we put it?—play the hand dealt to them! She was quite the most pestilential visitor the Marlings had ever had to stay, and after she left, they all sighed with relief, Ruth most of all, for the old woman had practically used her as a lady's maid.

"The old So-and-So," as Tom called her, died soon afterwards, and left Ruth three hundred a year.

"Damn it all," said Tom, "no wonder they called you Ruth. *That's* a pretty smart bit of gleaning." And that was how the joke began.

The attention of the family having been drawn to the matter, it was surprising to discover how often Ruth did glean. Grocers used to murmur to her under their breath that they had "just one bottle" . . . if she cared to call back later when the shop was not so full. Tom's wife, Meriel, would queue at the butcher's and come away disheartened. She was a large healthy woman with red cheeks, and hair done as unbecomingly as only a perfectly happy wife dare do it. Ruth would go down to the village later in the day, and return, if we may so express it, bearing her sheaves with her.

"How d'you *do* it, Ruth?" her sister would cry.

"I don't know," Ruth would answer, and that was the literal truth. She simply gleaned, after others had passed that way.

Now in her late thirties, she was a slight, quiet thing, very delicately featured, with hair that had been golden, but was now darkening to soft copper. Her eyes were deep grey, thoughtful, and a little bit sad. She used her make-up sparingly but well, dressed in perfect taste, and with the "old So-and-So's" three hundred a year, or rather the odd hundred and eighty or so the Government left her, she bought clothes which really suited her, and didn't just cover her, as Meriel's did. There was an idea that, as Meriel was very well off, and Ruth wasn't, it was only fair to help Ruth, if one could. . . . "My dear, I bought this in a moment of madness, and I *hate* it. It doesn't suit me. If you care for it, it's yours for the coupons." That sort of thing. So here again, she gleaned.

As Ruth sat alone in her room, which looked down on the deep beauty and

"DID you say we may get a train south later?" asked a pleasant voice with a touch of Scots in it

sweetness, the heady, heart-breaking perfume of the rose-garden, she sometimes asked herself whether anyone would *really* change places with her. She was popularly supposed to be very lucky, because everyone liked her, and she always seemed to "glean" wherever she went, but she herself would gladly have exchanged her sylph's figure, her charming face and hair, and all her gleanings, for Meriel's blowsy happiness with the man of her choice.

Therefore, it was with an ice-cold shock, that she heard Meriel say at breakfast one morning:

"Tom, d'you remember a rather attractive creature called Kenley Powell, who used to hang around when we first came to live here?"

"Can't say I do," muttered Tom, who never really became human until after his second cup of coffee.

"You do, surely, Ruth? He was rather one of yours, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said Ruth quite quietly, although her heart was stabbing her with a red-hot knife. "I remember him. What about him?"

"He's coming to stay with the Manifolds, this week, and Lady M. says could we possibly take him over, because she's going to her daughter's down in Somerset. It seems the grandchild's expected any minute now, and she wants to be in at the . . . er . . . birth. This Kenley Powell is just back from Kenya or somewhere. He was a nice cheerful creature, as I remember him. Shall we have him? You never know, Ruth might glean him."

"Have Cripps and Aneurin Bevan if you like," grunted Tom. "I can't say fairer than that."

Ruth rose, in the midst of the laughter that followed, and went to the sideboard to pour herself out more coffee. "Ruth might glean him." Ken was coming back. He was coming to stay in the house. Dear God!

And yet, who could tell? Things were very different now. She was no longer a romantic girl, but a self-possessed woman of the world, with a poise and an elegance that had been lacking in the old days.

They'd laughed at her often enough for gleaning, but she might surprise them this time. Why did Ken come back here? Might he, perhaps, have a curiosity to see her again? The Chippendale mirror over the sideboard told her that she had no reason to fear his inspection.

The house-party was not expected until the week-end, and the family were still alone the next evening when the telephone rang.

"I'll answer it," said Ruth, as neither her sister nor brother-in-law seemed disposed to move from their armchairs. She went out into the hall.

"May I speak to Miss Fortescue?" asked a voice she would have known in the heights of heaven, and in the deepest caverns of hell.

"Hallo, Ken. This *is* Ruth." Perfectly quiet. He couldn't see that she was shaking like a leaf.

"Ruth, my dear. How delightful to hear your voice again. What is it? Ten . . . fifteen years?"

"I don't quite remember," lied Ruth (*June 24, 1933, and the hour about nine thirty p.m.*).

"Well, it's too long, anyway. I've thought of you, quite often, you may not believe that, but it's true."

"You can't see me, but I'm curtseying!"

She heard him chuckle.

"Look," he said. "I'm here, staying with the Manifolds, and Meriel and Tom have asked me to come for the week-end. I thought I'd just like to be sure that, well . . . that you wouldn't mind. I mean, that's all long ago, isn't it, and we're both middle-aged now."

"My dear Ken, of course."

"Friends, then, Ruth?"

"Naturally. As you say, that's all ages ago."

"Well I'm glad," he said, in tones of relief. "Look here, Ruth, I know I behaved like an utter swine to you."

"My dear, in the classic language, why bring that up? It'll be very nice to see you again. *Au revoir.*"

So, quietly, with

complete self-possession, she hung up. That was that. They were to meet as nice middle-aged friends!

"Who was that?"

"Kenley Powell. He's very pleased to come for the week-end. He'd love it."

No more was said, and Ruth, pleading a headache, went early to bed. She sat down in her own room, and stared into the empty future, with dim, apathetic eyes.

"No, I can't," she said aloud at last. "I *can't*."

Next morning, she walked down to the village. One cheerful sparrow hopped across her path, and looked up at her with a beady eye. "You never know," he seemed to be saying. "You may glean something, even out of this."

Ruth went into the post office, and put through a trunk call, one which she could hardly have made in the hall of Tom and Meriel's house.

"Is that you, Isobel? Yes, my dear, it's Ruth. Look, I'm going to ask you a great favour. Could I possibly come to you for this week-end? Oh, Isobel, that *is* sweet of you. Sure I'm not being a pest? I'll explain when I see you. It's rather important. Right, I'll be with you on Friday evening. *Au revoir*, my dear, and bless you again."

Dear old Isobel. Always the same, ever since schooldays. It was a foul cross-country journey, but never mind. She'd manage it, crowded trains or no.

She dropped the bomb at the luncheon table. Her friend Isobel wanted her for the week-end, and she was going. Ruth had a way of saying things in a manner as quiet as it was convincing. Meriel grumbled at having to cope with the week-end party without her help, and Tom cocked an eye at her, rather like the sparrow's, and said: "Goin' gleanin' m' dear?" but she held to her path, and Friday afternoon found her in the train, making for the junction at X where she would have to change into the northbound train. It was a still, gloomy day, with clouds piling high one above another, and it grew dark so quickly that she pulled the blinds down and read. It was only after an unusually long stop, that she opened a window, and asked the guard on the little country platform what was happening.

"Accident to a goods train, further up the line, Ma'am. Got to wait till they get things cleared up. May be some time, I reckon. No one badly hurt, that's lucky, but the waggons are all over the place. I'll be mighty surprised if anyone gets further than X to-night."

This was annoying. To have to spend the night at X, a junction with one inn, and that probably full already! Ruth sighed, and returned to her book, snuggling closer into her Persian lamb coat (left her by an old friend of her mother's, about three years before, and eliciting the usual "Really Ruth, the way you glean is too aggravating for *speech*. I could have done with that coat myself,") and trying not to think too much about the night ahead of her.

Fears were more than justified. When the train finally drew in to X, the ominous news was circulated that no trains were moving north. There was a fire in the waiting-room, and although the inn was already packed, it would provide something in the way of food. "Shall I take your suitcase into the waiting-room ma'am? Where were you going?"

"To Freshfield Peveril."

"Oh ay. Sorry, ma'am, but the only hope is you'll get a train south later that'll drop you back where you came from. The lines are in a proper mess-up further along."

(No. *Not* back to Manninge. A night in the open, sooner.)

"Did you say we may get a train south, later?" asked a pleasant voice with a touch of Scots in it. Ruth saw a man standing by the waiting-room fire, tall and brown, and middle-aged, with a pair of "nice" grey eyes, and black hair turning silver on the temples. "Let me know if or when it's possible, will you?" he went on. "I want to get to London if I can. Meantime, I'll see if I can get a meal in the pub." He looked at Ruth standing there, quiet and pale, obviously a lady, obviously neither young nor a "floozie," and said politely: "Would you care to come? I think we'd better get some food while we can, don't you?"

"Thank you," said Ruth. "I'm sure you're right."

They made their way to the homely little inn, and found a table for two.

"This is very nice of you," said the stranger. "Always pleasanter dining in company than alone."

"Well," said Ruth, reflectively. (*Continued on page* 62)

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

"YOU can't go straight on to London now," she persisted as he helped her from the train at Manninge

It's All Junk

Junk furniture can be effectively renovated by stripping, repainting and adding a little light decoration. Here are examples easy enough for the amateur to tackle, either by using stencils or by tracing simple outlines and filling them in. Use an artist's sable brush, size 8, and students' oil colours toned down with Flake White and thinned with turpentine where necessary. When the paint has dried hard, treat with picture varnish, following the outline carefully.

Light colours will give an air of delicacy to quite heavy pieces. This rather solid chair is painted cream with a delicate leaf motif in green.

This corner cupboard, painted pale green, has a flower print stuck on the front and varnished over for protection. The framing design and the moulding are picked out in gilt.

The pattern of a printed curtain fabric can make an effective decoration to a plywood pelmet. Trace the pattern on to the plywood and paint in matching colours.

Moulded or carved furniture like this Victorian table is easy to decorate. Pale green was used for the ground colour, with darker green for the flowers. The moulding is picked out in gilt.

Home Is Where You Make It

SOME homes, like some women, are beautiful but dumb; others wear an aspect of beauty and distinction whilst retaining all the most endearing qualities of homeliness.

It is difficult to define homeliness in precise terms, yet one is immediately conscious of the lack of it upon entering a house. The personality of the owner and presiding spirit is, of course, a vital factor. Just the same, there *is* a technique, something definite and downright, which, in the process of assembling a home, has to be borne in mind in order to achieve the warmth and spirit without which a home may well become a mere display of furniture.

Comfort is achieved by the softness of textures, the blending of colours and the unity of the scheme without self-consciousness. In creating charm and individuality, the important thing is to conceal, as it were, the mechanics of the operation. Attractive decorative schemes can so easily become too perfect and too exact.

Few of us have the means to-day to achieve the more glamorous décor, but the same dangers lurk in the arrangement even of the most simple schemes as in the more elaborate one—perhaps more so, since the difficulties of obtaining furniture and fabrics lead so easily to a bleak and un-lived-in appearance.

Wide open spaces are the besetting danger of such schemes. Bleak walls, uninhabited corners and wide areas of floor-space present a problem when furnishings are scarce, but detail carefully disposed will change all this.

Such faults as curtain material too much skimped for comfort and good appearance; a carpet too small for the floor area to be covered, are typical instances. In such cases a sacrifice of some less essential things to make up is wise policy. If you cannot have a carpet big enough for the room, scrap the carpet entirely and use only rugs on a polished floor, or use an all-over covering of inexpensive felt with rugs in the

This sitting-room, designed for a Joan Crawford film, exemplifies the decorative scheme which is attractive in conception and correct in the choice of detail, yet lacking in warmth of spirit. Here is a case where over-emphasis of planning has achieved a room as beautiful as it is dumb.

A beautifully-dressed window as inviting to look at as it is practical in the sense of comfort. Rose damask is used for curtains and window-seat against matt-white walls.

The formality of painted furniture is here relieved by the essential homeliness of the room's detail and by the warmth of blended colourings. A room both comfortable and pleasing to the eye.

most vital spots. Stretching coupons and money to the furthest extent to achieve a really well-dressed window is essential to give a room the full support of its most telling features.

Every scheme should have its focal-point—that is to say, a point to which the eyes are immediately drawn; where comfort and atmosphere are established.

The comfortable and yet well-balanced arrangement of furniture around the fireside in winter is one way. The grouping of furniture and decorative detail about an attractive window is another.

The stamp of the owner's personality is the thing that makes a house an individual and an endearing thing. You may borrow ideas, inspiration from whom you please, but it is the careful study of the presentation of our possessions which will give the house its final note of appeal, its *sincerity*.

The lived-in look is not a haphazard thing but a technique—a matter of arranging furniture and effects with consideration for comfort and convenience and with beauty as the natural corollary of both.

WINIFRED LEWIS.

The narrow proportions of a staircase and the bareness of looming walls are glossed over by the introduction of colourful detail grouped to distract the eye from cold architectural angles.

(On left.) Soft, inviting easy chairs grouped around the fireside, yet leaving a feeling of easy spaciousness. Against clear white walls lilac upholstery and rose-coloured curtains make a distinguished colour theme.

Lace Wool Bed-Jacket

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. of " La Laine " Super Fingering, 2-ply ; one pair each of No. 13 and No. 9 needles ; 4 yards of narrow ribbon.
MEASUREMENTS : To fit a 34 to 36-in. bust.
TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

With No. 13 needles cast on 129 sts. Work in garter stitch for 4 rows. Make a row of holes.

* k. 4, k. 2 tog., m. 1. Repeat from * to end. Work 3 rows garter stitch. Change to the following pattern. Change to No. 9 needles.

1st row.—s. 1, p. 2, * keeping the wool in front of the needle, s. 1 purl-wise, still with the wool in front of the needle, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. the 2 knitted sts. tog., wool round needle, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2. Repeat from * to the last 6 sts., keeping the wool in front of the needle. S. 1 purl-wise, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. the 2 sts. knitted tog., wool round needle. P. 2, k. 1.

2nd row.—K. 3, * p. 3, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2. (*Cont. on page* 58)

ABBREVIATIONS : *k.=knit ; p.=purl ; st.=stitch ; sts.=stitches ; tog.=together ; dec.=decrease ; inc.=increase ; beg.=beginning ; s.=slip ; m.=make ; p.s.s.o.=pass slip stitch over.*

In A Diagonal Weave

MATERIALS : 4 ozs. of " Jester " 3-ply Fashion Fingering in gold ; 3 ozs. of " Jester " 3-ply Fashion Fingering in nigger brown ; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 needles ; 3 buttons.
MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins. ; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins. ; underarm of sleeve seam, 17½ ins.
TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles and gold wool, cast on 120 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Change to the following pattern.

1st row.—* k. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—P. 1, * k. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * ending k. 3, p. 2.

3rd row.—K. 1, * p. 3, k. 3. Repeat from * ending p. 3, k. 2.

4th row.— * p. 3, k. 3. Repeat from * to end.

5th row.—P. 2, * k. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * ending k. 3, p. 1.

6th row.—K. 2, * p. 3, k. 3. Repeat from * ending p. 3, k. 1. These 6 rows form pattern.

Work 4 ins. from the cast-on edge. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 108 sts. Work 1 in. on these 108 sts. Now inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. Continue until work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins. (ending on the 6th row of pattern).

SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 10 sts. Work 40 sts. Work on the last set of 40 sts. as follows :

Change to nigger brown wool with a purl row. Continue in moss stitch. Work for 2 ins., at the same time decreasing by casting off 2 sts. at the neck edge of every row until 30 sts. remain. (*Continued on page* 58)

Easter Bonnet

A NEW hat is as good as a tonic, and an Easter tonic is something of which every woman stands in need after the dreary round of winter.

Best news of a season not overburdened with happy tidings is that good hats are cheaper. Concerted action on the part of top designers is afoot to make headpieces of a worthwhile beauty at prices at which the average woman need not pale.

Here are some examples of the first contingent. The three Walmar hats at the top of the page bow to the New Look in their ability to perch entrancingly above the trim-waisted, long-skirted silhouette of current fashion. The neat felt pillbox, left, flanked with bows of ribbon, costs, approximately, four and a half guineas ; the grey felt bonnet, centre, poises a delicate waxed feather rose in front, price, approximately, five guineas ; the felt toque, right, in petrol blue, has wings of sable feather, price four guineas. All three hats are available in a wide range of colours.

The two hats at the bottom of the page, right, are examples from Hugh Beresford's "Town and Country" collection. This well-known model milliner has designed these lower-priced hats (they range from 65/6 to 97/6) in fifty-eight colours, including twenty pastel shades, for wide distribution to stores throughout the country.

Details of where the hats shown can be bought in your own locality can be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to the Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

What Do You Score?

The desire to see ourselves as others see us is a commendable one, if not easy to attain. Self-analysis is fascinating if sometimes disconcerting, and most of us would be a good deal happier and, for that matter, a good deal more popular, for the occasional use of the mirror of self-revelation. Here are some leading questions on the subject of You. Answer them frankly, or, if you doubt your capacity for candid self-criticism, refer the answers to a candid friend—you can always turn the tables when it is the other fellow's turn.

In the following analysis "Yes" scores one mark; "No" scores nothing. Six is the maximum for each section. If you score fewer than three you may consider some self-criticism overdue. Scores of three and four are fair to good. Scores of five and six are excellent.

AS A WIFE AND MOTHER

1. The job of running a home and family successfully calls for hard work, initiative and a great capacity for organisation. On the other hand, some women think their gifts are wasted on the home and that with their particular ability, they could have made a brilliant business career. Are you quite happy to devote all your energies and interests to being a wife and mother?

Yes ..... No .....

2. The threadbare condition of the drawing-room carpet and the difficulties of spinning out the meat ration are every housewife's problems to-day. These problems form an absorbing topic of discussion when a few of your own and your husband's friends drop in for the evening. Do you find other topics outside the household routine equally absorbing?

Yes ..... No .....

3. Some say that love flies out of the window when poverty comes in at the door. Others believe that money problems should be regarded as a test of mutual confidence. Do you think that the happiness of marriage is dependent on financial stability?

Yes ..... No .....

4. The average household routine is at the mercy of changing circumstances. If, for instance, measles breaks out, or if you have two unexpected guests for dinner, can your routine be temporarily readjusted without noticeable evidence of panic on your own part?

Yes ..... No .....

5. Home is considered by some to be the only place where one can be short-tempered with impunity and where we can discard some of the social conventions without thought for appearances. In your daily family relationships, are you the same person who meets your friends?

Yes ..... No .....

6. Discipline is always more successfully instilled than enforced. Some mothers are disciplinarians in their own right. Do you think this is preferable to referring disputes between yourself and the children to father?

Yes ..... No .....

AS THE WOMAN FRIEND

1. Generosity is amongst the most valuable gifts of friendship. "Here I am with no strings attached and all the money I can lay hands on." Is that your attitude when friends are in a jam?

Yes ..... No .....

2. Most people are fundamentally rather nice, even if they have certain characteristics which are apt to make you tear your hair. When it comes to summing-up your friends, it may be supposed that they have some difficult ways, but they are not wholly bad because of them. Is this how you feel?

Yes ..... No .....

3. We all know that some degree of preoccupation with masculine society is indispensable. On the other hand, some women can be quite content without getting into frequent tail-spins about some man. Can you?

Yes ..... No .....

4. Most of us can count on carrying the day if given sufficient time to make up and dress for the occasion. But when the man you wish to impress turns up unexpectedly and catches you without a trace of powder on your nose, can you relax and still hang on to your claims to poise?

Yes ..... No .....

5. Other women inevitably appear more beautiful and more accomplished than oneself. Can you acknowledge this and still consider yourself a success in your own way when you are in their company?

Yes ..... No .....

6. It is only human to be interested in other people's successes and misfortunes. But interest can range from the genuinely sympathetic to the frankly nosey-parker. Can you say that your interest in others' affairs is usually sympathetic?

Yes ..... No .....

AS A BUSINESS WOMAN

1. Few of us work for choice, most of us have to work in order to eat; on the other hand, a job can be interesting for its own sake. Is yours?

Yes ..... No .....

2. The unexpected has turned up and you feel tempted to pass the buck to a superior. Do you, in fact, tackle the problem, and put off calling for assistance until you see how things are shaping?

Yes ..... No .....

3. At 5.30 p.m. you discover, to your confusion, a large splodge of ink on your nose that must have been there since lunch-time. Do you console yourself with the thought that you are paid to work and not to look glamorous and think no more about it?

Yes ..... No .....

4. Your job throws you into close contact with someone you heartily dislike. Do you find it difficult or impossible to put personal differences into the background while you get on with the job on hand?

Yes ..... No .....

5. Some women declare that they couldn't work for another woman, meaning that with a man by turning on the sex-appeal they can seize certain advantages lacking in a business relationship with a woman. Do you give your boss, whether male or female, due loyalty?

Yes ..... No .....

6. To many women, a job is a stop-gap between leaving school and getting married. Does your work provide you with accomplishments that will remain with you after you have left business?

Yes ..... No .....

Children, their parents and behaviour problems are the subject of a good deal of discussion. In relation to child delinquency the debatable factor is . . .

Should Parents Be Spanked?

THE chairman of a London Juvenile Court has said that, in general, the children he has before him are nice children, though he could not say the same about their parents. It is a provocative thought, but does it, in fact, give a true picture of the relations between the modern parent and child?

Most parents will reject the impeachment; nevertheless, the force of example is a very potent one, and it is true of many conscientious parents that the standards they impose upon their children are more rigid than their own.

In the smaller issues of daily life it is, after all, less than fair to expect from our juniors the more desirable standards of courtesy, tolerance and fair dealing unless we practise them ourselves. Children are intuitive judges and inveterate copyists.

Children are not born angels. Those qualities which go to make a gracious and lovable member of society are acquired over the years and in about the same measure as they are practised around him.

Nevertheless, and in defence of parents, it can be argued that smaller families and the swing of the pendulum away from the Victorian maxim that children should be seen and not heard tend inevitably to give the modern child more attention than is good for it.

The spoiled child is the supreme example of one who is loved not wisely but too well. Human nature being what it is, it is the child who gets the world's cold shoulder, while the doting parent—the real culprit—goes scot-free. Overindulgence has never been a kindness, yet it is so much part and parcel of the spirit of mother-love that it is difficult for a parent to distinguish between what is mere indulgence and what is sympathetic tolerance. In this sense it is probably true that parents more often deserve a spanking than their children.

The family circle is a training-ground where the child learns the gentle art of living amicably with other people. It is understandable that parents want to stand between their children and the first bitter lessons of life. On the other hand, it is better they should learn in the affectionate rough-and-tumble of family life than in the later and harder school of the intolerant outside world.

But where training and the shortcomings of parents are concerned, it must be remembered that children can be the victims of training as much as of the lack of it. To-day, when there are as many amateur psychologists as there are mothers, theories which are praised as being "advanced" are all too often based on insufficient understanding of the child's natural development. Children are human beings, not guinea-pigs to be mercilessly experimented upon.

The modern counterpart of the old Spartan training is to bring up children as self-contained units. This too often results in a clumsy rule-of-thumb method of training which takes no thought for the individual temperament. The would-be progressive mother who, with very little knowledge, embarks on a training, of the principles of which she herself has only the haziest conception, *is* taking risks which involve the happiness of a child's whole future.

But although children are very much what their parents make them, home is no longer the sole influence in a child's life. The radio and the cinema are powerful factors in the formation of character. For all that, they are so much a part of the modern set-up that few parents find it possible absolutely to exclude them from the children's orbit.

Parental responsibilities have taken a different shape. The clock cannot be turned back. The great need is for parents to be educated in the principles of their new and ever-changing responsibilities.

Books:

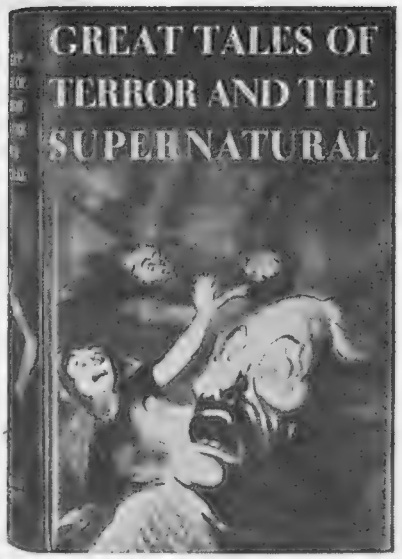
Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

HOW the "great" betray themselves in the little! In the garden of Miss Naomi Jacob's home at Sirmione, Lake Garda, was buried a pet Pekinese with his name, Samuelo, painted above the grave. When the all-conquering Nazis arrived they said: "The name is Jewish. To-morrow it will be painted out." And it was. "Even during that bitter struggle," she writes, "they could spare a soldier with a pot of red paint to remove the objectionable Jewish name of a small dog.

And his real name was Hi Ling Choo Fu, which, being Chinese would probably have annoyed them just as much."

"Me—Over There" (Hutchinson, 16s.) is a very human account of her Italian experiences as Welfare and Public Relations Officer for E.N.S.A. She met good troupers and bad—the double turn, for example, who announced: "Mr. and Mrs. XYZ do not travel in a truck so long as there is one Italian civilian travelling in a car!" and the Italian singer asked to join in "Noel" at a Christmas show who objected that she wasn't going to stand there singing "*one single word!*" Some of the personality small-talk is E.N.S.A. "shop," the rest lustily readable, with a warm, friendly foreword by "Wee" George Wood.

A DISCURSIVE ramble through the social and theatrical life of London and Paris, 1830-50, might be likened to a leisurely afternoon at Mme. Tussaud's, but Mr. Mark Edward Perugini is so immersed in his period piece "The Omnibus Box" (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.) that he does breathe life into the dodoesque world of Malibran, Taglioni, and the young Victoria. It is amusing to be reminded of—among other things—Lady Blessington's attack on the fashionable clubmen of the '30's as "luxurious sensualists" and "gastronomers" who "prefer a well-dressed dinner to the best-dressed woman in the world," and the young buck who "will not marry until he shall have lost the taste, and activity for shooting, hunting and yachting." Even that escapist heaven had its problems. . . .



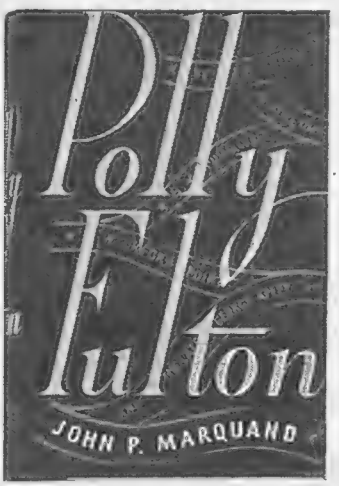
Hair Raising

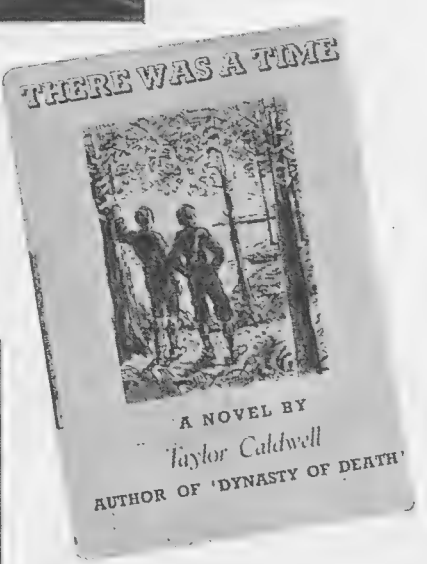
WHEN was the real birth of the horror story as we know it? Allowing for mere anecdotal or episodic forerunners, Herbert A. Wise and Phyllis Fraser, editors of "**Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural**" (Hammond, 18s.), date it from Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto*, in 1764, which started the fashion for "a bewildering array of crumbling castles, dark-browed villains, saintly heroines, high-born heroes disguised as peasants, and such assorted trappings as flickering lights, mouldy old manuscripts, and secret doors concealed behind fluttering tapestries." Even Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey* could not laugh them out of vogue.

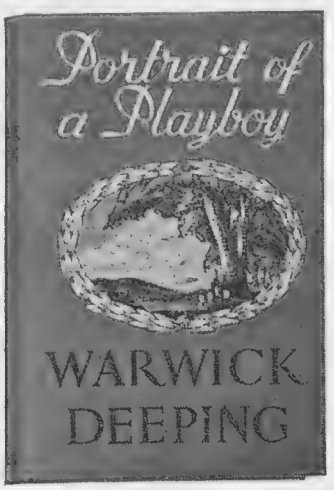
Here are fifty-two stories by the world's famous hair-raisers from Le Fanu and Poe, to M. R. James, de Maupassant, Wilkie Collins, Wells, Jacobs, Kipling and—rather surprisingly—Woollcott and Arlen: over 800 pages of them. What a delightful book for stormy nights in a creaky old house haunted by mice, birds, stray cats, bats in the belfry, to say nothing of that ghostly ancestor with his head under his arm to keep it warm . . . *b-r-r-r-r* . . .

MR. MICHAEL HARRISON has a theory that the royal climber, like Napoleon is often no mere upstart after something new for himself but something denied by accident which properly belongs to him. It illumines his studies of four opportunist monarchs—"**They Would Be King**" (Somers, 10s. 6d.): Lambert Simnel, the Oxford joiner's son who was crowned Edward VI in Dublin; Baron Theodore von Neuhoff, King of Corsica; Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, son of the Pau town-bailiff, protégé of Napoleon, who acquired the thrones of Norway and Sweden; Henry Christophe, the St. Kitts negro who became king of Haiti and died by his own hand. Except for Neuhoff's pauper's end in Soho, which is briefly skipped, he makes the most of the adventure, drama, pathos and tragedy that beset them all.

ART and Edwardian Album, pottery, porcelain and miniatures in colour make Mr. Leonard Russell's seventh "Saturday Book" (Hutchinson, 21s.) a handsome present. In his choice of stories, articles, verse, he has set out, as before, to please himself—which means you and me and many thousand others, since they include work by H. E. Bates, Rumer Godden, de la Mare, A. L. Rowse, Bernard Darwin, R. C. Hutchinson, Nat Gubbins. What a civilized pleasure it is to handle such a luxury *format* in an austerity age!







IF anyone asked me how to write a best-seller novel to-day I should say: Have a dominant woman character and let her rip; the most successful fiction is essentially about woman, for woman. Mr. John P. Marquand's "Polly Fulton" (Hale, 12s. 6d.) acquired her dominance from a (*Continued on page* 68)

In Search of Glamour

The psychological effect of a mink coat is really extraordinary. The woman with the mink coat feels herself superior to the woman without one. The darker the mink, the more boastful the woman who wears it. The woman with the natural wild mink coat considers herself smarter than the woman who wears the ranch mink coat, and if you are very knowledgeable you will gladly be weighed down by the male mink rather than enjoy the comfort of a lighter female mink coat.

In New York they have a new way of persuading women to buy mink coats by introducing the saving rather than the snob angle. I saw an advertisement the other day of mink coats, stoles and jackets, sold by a New York firm. The advertisement reads: "Here is another wonderful opportunity to buy a fine mink coat at real savings." The advertisement goes on to say that because of to-day's increasing wholesale price of mink the savings on each of these coats is really outstanding. There follows a list of models with three columns of prices. The first is what the coat is made to sell at; the second, the price at which it is sold; and the third shows you the saving in dollars. Between the made-to-sell-at price and the selling price, the savings may range from four hundred to nine hundred dollars per model. It really is a wonderful system and makes you feel that you simply cannot afford not to buy a new mink coat when you consider how much money you will save by doing so!

Jane Gordon

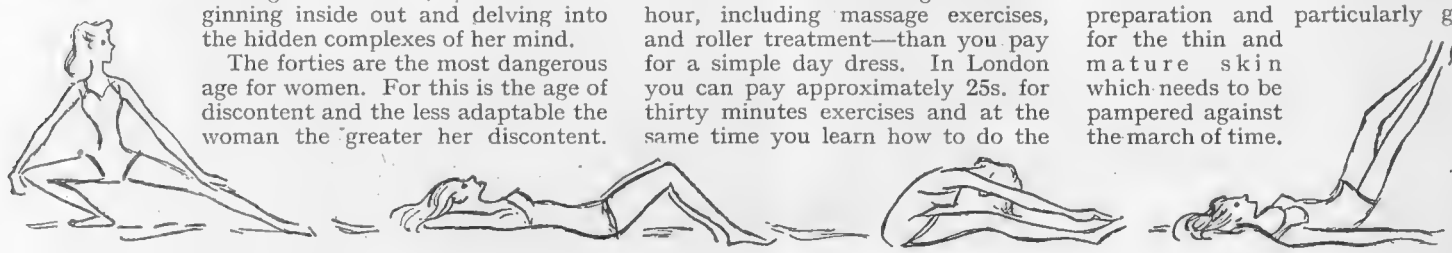
PSYCHIATRISTS are very clever people, but I doubt whether they have yet come to realize how much a well adjusted family relationship depends on the good looks of the housewife. Nor do they realize how many marriages are broken up because the wife has lost her figure and so lost her attraction for her husband.

I am quite convinced that in nine cases out of ten the psychological effect of a woman's personal appearance influences her mental attitude towards life far more than the forgotten experiences of early childhood. The psychiatrist would achieve many a miraculous cure by the simple method of diagnosing a woman's personal appearance and suggesting the right treatment, instead of beginning inside out and delving into the hidden complexes of her mind.

The forties are the most dangerous age for women. For this is the age of discontent and the less adaptable the woman the greater her discontent. She mourns the loss of colour in her hair; she searches out the lines in her face and when she finds them the light fades out of her eyes and the corners of her mouth droop in sheer discouragement. As the lines of her figure become a little blurred with age she will regard her body as an enemy. The more discontented she becomes with her personal appearance, the more difficult her family will find her to live with. The woman who is honest with herself has already got half way towards solving her problems. If she decides that the fading colour of her hair causes her real unhappiness, she will consult a good hairdresser and get the best treatment she can afford.

A WOMAN may lose her figure at any age, and there is not the slightest reason why she should not retain a good figure to the end, even if she lives to be ninety. Figures are lost quite simply through one of three reasons. . . . Ill health, lack of exercise or an ill-adjusted diet. No woman who lives in London need submit to the loss of her figure. The most expensive beauty parlour in London charges less for a course of eight treatments—each lasting half an hour, including massage exercises, and roller treatment—than you pay for a simple day dress. In London you can pay approximately 25s. for thirty minutes exercises and at the same time you learn how to do the correct exercises at home. You can get a good body massage, lasting an hour, for 12s. 6d. You can attend exercise classes which teach you how to do your daily dozen at home. You can have every type of bath and roller treatment; and any good general practitioner will put you on a diet. If necessary, he will also prescribe you the requisite pills to go with the diet. Losing weight is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, merely a question of a little hard work and a lot of self discipline.

A LUXURY bath, a new face cream, a change of make-up foundation, or a change of make-up will often give a woman back her self-confidence and make her feel and look at least ten years younger. The Goya bath essence is again on the market and a few drops of this sprinkled on the water when the bath is full will fill the whole bathroom with perfume, which also clings to your body after the bath. You can get these essences in Gardenia, Studio, Heather and Great Expectations. Coty's conditioning cream will act like a tonic to pep up the complexion after the long winter months. Elizabeth Arden vitamin cream is a brand new preparation and particularly good for the thin and mature skin which needs to be pampered against the march of time.



If you Ask me.....

PLEASE? QUESTION? WHO? HOW? WHERE? WHAT? WHEN? WHY? PLEASE?

Whether there is any good news for homes that are becoming shabby and wardrobes that are all too sadly "old look," the answer is, "Yes." If you would like further details of any items mentioned on this page, please write to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope

WORN carpets can be given a new lease of life at one of the big London stores. Cleaned or dyed, and retufted where necessary with carefully matched wools, large carpets just beginning to show signs of wear can be made like new. Other renovations include making strip carpets and rugs from the best parts of large, worn ones.

THE shortage of furniture has brought a great deal of ugly, if useful, furniture out of the loft. There is, however, no need to have an ill-assortment of pieces when painting can make them into a matching suite. There is a clever artist who will turn gloomy Victorian mahogany into delicate Louis-Quinze in gold and cream or any other colour to match your decor. Utility furniture is transformed by sprays of dainty flowers or charming landscapes, and Victorian brass vases, given a pottery finish, find a use as decorative lamp-standards. Her ingenuity is boundless and the cost is not prohibitive.

A SEASON ticket to beauty is the solution to every woman's make-up problems. For a subscription of 3 gns. a year you can have a regular monthly beauty overhaul at a Bond Street salon. Women at business during the day can make evening appointments. The overhaul includes an examination of the skin by a beauty specialist, a thorough facial cleanse and make-up and advice on all personal beauty problems.

MAKE-UP is only half way to a perfect appearance. The rest is a matter of grooming and deportment. There are day and evening classes in figure correction, grooming and deportment for those living in or near London, where you may learn to wear your old clothes with distinction and your new ones with an air.

BUT even with perfect deportment, a good foundation garment can make all the difference to the set of one's clothes. There is a clever corsetiere in London who will give the "new look" to even the most difficult of figures. She is equally skilled at designing a brassiere to control the large figure as at tailoring for figure faults of omission. Lovely fabrics and careful tailoring make all her foundation garments as charming to look at as they are effective to wear.

IF you are just setting out in life, have you thought of beauty culture as a career? There are many openings for fully qualified beauty specialists. A London School of Beauty Culture offers a sound training in all the essential branches of beauty culture. The course includes instruction on anatomy and physiology, facial and body massage, manicure, pedicure and sufficient cosmetic chemistry to enable you to make up your own lipsticks and powders. The fees are 50 gns. for a three months' course and 75 gns. for a more comprehensive course of six months, including experience in a first class beauty salon.

A CARTRIDGE belt, fitted with lipsticks stead of ammunition, makes a novel birthday present for a friend. The belts are slim and tailored in suede, backed with leather, and can be made to match any suit or dress. There is no need ever to be left with the wrong lipstick in the right handbag because the belt has ten miniature lipsticks in shades ranging from Heavenly Pink to Cockscomb all "at the ready."

SUMMER will soon be here bringing light footwear into the news. A new sandal, light yet strong, called "Ophelia" is now available. It has a platform sole and graceful straps over the instep, making it equally suitable for holiday and informal town wear. In soft suede, calf or pigskin, in a wide range of colours including emerald, royal, white, and pigskin.

Button Up

AN ensemble can be made or marred by its accessories. A set of decorative buttons in copper, silver or ceramics, for instance, will go a long way towards acheiving a new look for last season's suit.

These are examples from a wide range of metal buttons, clips and brooches designed for wear with tweeds as well as more formal clothes. The copper horse would make a delightful cravat pin, while the delicate sea-horse buttons, in either gold or silver, would look most effective on black.

Sleep...

A Chill Wind Blows

MARCH winds never did anything to improve fine textured English skins. With the fat deficiencies of our present diet, most skins are already too dry, so that the wind's effect is more harmful than ever. Comfort as well as appearance demands that the skin should be sheltered from further depredations by the weather. A chill wind blows no good, and often encourages little red veins that are so hard to cure, as well as harsh chapping, which defeats our best efforts at becoming make-up.

As a powder base, a special Blustery Weather Lotion is good for daily use. It is a luscious and creamy emulsion which should be smoothed on the skin always

IN sleep lies Nature's best restorer and, in other words the most effective and inexpensive of beauty treatments. But in these days when nervous and physical strains are increased by a thousand recurrent problems, however small in themselves, deep, refreshing sleep becomes more and more elusive.

The amount of sleep required varies considerably from one individual to another. The highly-strung temperament tends to need more than others, while some people sleep only five or six hours a night and are none the worse for it.

It is important to remember this if you are afflicted with sleeplessness. To lie and fret about wakefulness is only to drive sleep further away. Moreover it is an established truth that, while the body is relaxed in bed, Nature's work of restoration is continuing though one may not be actually sleeping. If by an effort of will you can clear your mind of anxiety because you are wakeful, the effects will be less serious and sleep will come more readily.

Sleep on a firm mattress and use a second pillow. A great deal has been said about the advisability of sleeping with the head on a level with the spine. In normal circumstances this is advisable, but for the wakefully inclined perching the head a little higher keeps an excessive flow of blood from the head and induces sleep.

Complete nervous and physical relaxation is essential, but relaxation must be practised. To start off, a period of quiet before bed is advisable. Nervous temperaments are stimulated by excitement, even of the mildest kind like an exciting novel, a heated debate or the discussion of tomorrow's plans. Make the last half-hour before bed a quiet one. Start the relaxation scheme *before* finally composing yourself for sleep. Sip a hot drink. Milk is the best soporific, but even hot water is beneficial.

Once between the sheets start by lying on the back with knees raised slightly, breathe deeply and evenly and make a conscious effort to let every muscle in the body go slack, beginning with the toes, the feet, the legs and progressing to the torso, the arms, neck and head. Take each limb separately, as it were, and let the muscles slacken. Muscular tension is the sworn enemy of

Nobody Any Good

before going out, and as a make-up base. It has the added advantage also of protecting the hands, and also the legs if very thin stockings are worn.

At night, a rich skinfood nourishes the skin and counteracts the dryness which leads to lines and wrinkles. After cleansing, work the skinfood into the face and throat with firm upward, moulding strokes. Continue the massage until most of the grease has been absorbed, then wipe off the excess. Grease left on the surface of the skin serves no useful purpose, but in fact only prevents the pores from breathing. I shall be glad to give you advice about preparations suitable for your own skin if you are interested.

sleep. Now make an effort to relax mentally. Push thinking aside. Reject firmly every new thought that enters your mind and think *blank*. This in itself may seem to be an effort, but never mind, your preoccupation with rejecting thought will keep more stimulating thoughts at bay, and before you know it you will be gently slumbering.

Disturbing dreams, restless sleep which is interrupted by every trifling sound is an indication that brain and muscles are not fully relaxed. This may be taken as a signal that you need more rest. Bad sleepers are much given to the philosophy that since sleep does not come easily it is better to be up and about, but in fact this is seldom true. Except in the most unhappy, stubborn cases of insomnia, bad sleepers will often find the answer to their problem in more and more rest.

March Hair

THE end of the winter often finds hair looking dull and lifeless. The lack of sunshine and the winter diet all tend to make the hair brittle and generally out of sorts, but a spring tonic treatment will help to restore it to its normal healthy condition.

Shampoos should be given once a fortnight, and, if the hair is very greasy, every ten days. Otherwise dandruff may infect the skin and cause blemishes on the face and shoulders. Use a special medicated, cream shampoo which really does keep hair of all types in good condition. Dandruff is unsightly, but on the other hand it is not the bogey it is sometimes made out to be. A mild degree of dandruff is a natural manifestation of Nature's schemes. I can recommend a special scalp tonic which is made up for stubborn individual cases, but generally speaking, frequent shampooing and constant vigorous brushing or friction to stimulate the action of the pores, will restore the natural grease which keeps the scalp from flaking.

Scalp massage is done by placing the tips of the fingers on various portions of the head and moving and rotating them with firm pressure so that the skin is moved on the cranium. Hair brushes should be fairly stiff-bristled and always scrupulously clean.

A blunt-toothed comb is better for regular use than one with sharp, fine teeth, as these are apt to cause abrasions on the scalp. Fine-toothed combs are good for occasional, careful use for removing dust and scurf.

Successful bleaching is quite possible and harmless and there is a good bleach on the market which does not leave the hair with a brassy, unattractive appearance. Its action is to remove the darker pigmentation and so allow the lighter tones to show through. The bleach I have in mind is suitable for any colour of hair. In the case of greying hair, the bleach does not affect the grey hairs, but so lightens the dark hairs that the grey ones are less noticeable.

Women who are turning grey prematurely, and there are many nowadays, even in their early twenties, can have it safely and expertly recoloured. It can be done so well that no one could possibly detect it. Of course for this treatment, only the best is good enough, otherwise let well alone. The cost is from about two guineas, and a test is always given beforehand to find out if the "patient" is allergic to the dye. It needs to be done about every six weeks or two months, according to the speed with which the individual hair grows. This is usually about quarter of an inch a month.

Those women who wish to remain grey or greying can use some of the elegant blue rinses. These are most becoming if not overdone, and if make-up and shades of clothes are chosen carefully. Women, of quite nondescript hair colouring, often turn into distinguished personalities when their hair becomes grey.

Whether your hair is natural, bleached or greying, there is a biological skinfood which will restore the coveted sheen and make grooming easier. This non-greasy preparation is mildly antiseptic and when applied, disappears like a vanishing cream, carrying its medication right into the roots. After a shampoo it helps the hair to set and in blustery March weather when hair seems to become brittle and unmanageable, restores it to soft pliability.

When planning a new hair-style, beware of fashions exciting in themselves but unsuited to your needs and mode of life. It is best if you are a busy person to choose something simple that you can keep from looking like a bird's nest. If you are fat and bulge in odd spots, avoid the hair-do which is flat on top and avoid all fly-away and youthful page-boy styles. Select a style that sweeps away from the cheeks and temples. A trim, well-kept hair style may easily remove years from your appearance.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Easy As Pie

FOR quickness and interesting results, there is nothing simpler or more economical than to make a good batch of pastry—nothing lends itself better to a large choice of dishes, plain or fancy, according to the grandeur of the occasion. A short while ago I gave you notes on various types of pastry. For a general purpose crust, a plain short pastry, a mixture of 3 oz. fat to 8 oz. flour is as useful as any. If you have only cooking fat and not lard, I should advise a mixture of half fat and half margarine.

HAWAIAN PIE

HAWAIAN PIE

Ingredients: 3 oz. cornflour; 3 oz. sugar; 2 grapefruits; 2 eggs, reconstituted; 1 oz. margarine; 2 tablespoonfuls juice; 2 cups grapefruit squash and water mixed; pinch salt.

For the Pastry Shell:

1½ cups fine crumbs; ¼ cup sugar; ½ cup melted margarine.

Mix together crumbs and sugar, mix with margarine. Line greased sandwich tin with mixture, pressing it firmly over bottom and sides like a pastry case. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F., 10 to 15 minutes.

Sift together cornflour, salt and sugar. Blend into a paste with juice drained from grapefruit after cutting it in segments. Boil remaining two cups

Preserving And Pickling Eggs

THIS is the time when eggs are most plentiful so if you are fortunate enough to have any to spare here are two methods of preserving them. I personally have found them effective for at least a year, and the flavour of the egg remains excellent, though I prefer never to boil a preserved egg whatever the method. Eggs must not be more than a few days old when used for preserving.

Water Glass.—Follow directions for quantity carefully, erring on the strong rather than the weak side, use a zinc pail as Water Glass has no effect on this metal, or a glazed crock. A wire egg basket is a great help with the pail as you can arrange the eggs carefully and then immerse them. Be careful not to crowd in too many eggs. They must be completely covered with liquid. Keep covered to lessen evaporation and if necessary add more liquid later in the year. If for any reason you must remove eggs to travel put them straight back in Water Glass at the end of the journey.

Here is a recipe for those so rich in eggs they feel they can pickle some!

16 eggs	½ oz. ginger.
1 quart vinegar.	2 oz. all spice.
1 oz. black pepper.	Clove or garlic.

Boil eggs for 12 minutes, then dip into cold water and take off shells. Put vinegar with pepper and flavourings into stewpan and simmer for 10 minutes. Now place eggs in a jar. Pour the liquid over them when boiling hot and when cold seal up the jar and store for a month before using.

WHEN I hear people say cheese is no use to them for a real meal and they do not care for it cooked, anyway, I often wonder if they have really surveyed the infinite possibilities of cheese dishes. It is invaluable for providing nourishment and good flavour to many an otherwise dull background of vegetables and so on; again, added to sauce, specially with a dash of tomato as well, it transforms cod or any of the rather wet, tasteless fishes. I generally rely on one of the more solid cheese dishes as a main lunch dish for the family once a week, as well as one of the lighter varieties for a supper.

CHEESE SAVORIN

Ingredients. Savorin Mixture: ½ oz. yeast; ¾ breakfastcupful lukewarm milk; 1 breakfastcupful flour; pinch salt; 1 dried egg, reconstituted; 1 tablespoonful melted margarine.

Crumble yeast, and gradually stir in milk. Mix this with half the flour, the salt, egg and melted margarine. Add remaining flour. Cover and put in warm place to rise until doubled in bulk—about 1 hour.

Well grease border mould and half fill with savorin mixture. Again put in warm place to double bulk. Bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 400° F., about 30 minutes. Turn out. Meanwhile, prepare macedoine of cooked vegetables such as carrots, beans, cauliflower, beetroot, celery (according to season) and ½ pint thick cheese sauce. Mix vegetables with sauce and pile into centre of mould. Garnish with fancy vegetable shapes, serve very hot.

CAULIFLOWER CHEESE IN BATTER

(enough for 6)

Ingredients: Cauliflower; ½ pint Yorkshire pudding batter; 2 oz. grated cheese; 1 oz. dripping.

Partly boil cauliflower. Melt dripping in shallow fire-proof dish. Break cauliflower into sprigs and spread over dish. Pour on batter, bake in hot oven, Regulo 6 or 400° F., lowering after 15 minutes for 40 minutes. When nearly done, sprinkle grated

of liquid and add to paste. Return to pan and cook until thickened, stirring constantly (about three minutes). Cool a minute or two and add eggs, well beaten. Cook gently another two minutes without boiling. Add margarine and cool, pour filling into shell. Make a border of grapefruit and pile mock cream high in the centre.

FISH COQUILLES

Line shell-shaped moulds with short pastry, prick and fill with crusts to keep shape and bake in a moderate oven till golden brown.

When cooked remove crusts; use the following filling:

Flake up ½ lb. any cooked fish and put in a pan with five or six chopped mushrooms and a walnut of margarine. Make about ¼ pint thick parsley sauce and mix with other ingredients. Warm shells and fill with mixture, garnish with parsley or lemon.

If preferred the same mixture is very good in a covered pie. Line pie-plate with short crust, fill with fish mixture and cover with pastry. Prick and bake in good oven for about 30 minutes. Serve with parsley sauce.

BEEF TRICORNES

Ingredients: ¼ lb. cooked minced beef (or sausage meat); tablespoonful flour; teaspoonful chopped parsley; ¼ pint gravy; walnut margarine or fat; 2 or 3 mushrooms if available.

Melt fat in pan, blend flour and brown. Add gravy and seasoning and stir until thickened, add meat.

Make ½ lb. good, short pastry, 4 oz. fat to ½ lb. flour. Roll out about ¼ in. thick. Cut out in rounds about 5 in. across. Put a dessertspoonful of meat mixture in centre of one round. Damp edges of pastry and cover with a second round. Press together. Fold edges towards centre to form a triangle. Brush with milk and press edges down so that they hold in position. Prick with fork. Bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 400° F., about 15 minutes.

By Harriet Muir

BEEF TRICORNES

Cheese As A Main Dish

CHEESE SAVORIN

cheese over cauliflower. Cook 10 minutes.

SPAGHETTI CHEESE CUTLETS

Ingredients: 4 oz. spaghetti or small macaroni; 3 oz. flour; ¼ pint milk and water mixed; 3 oz. grated cheese; seasoning, egg and crumbs.

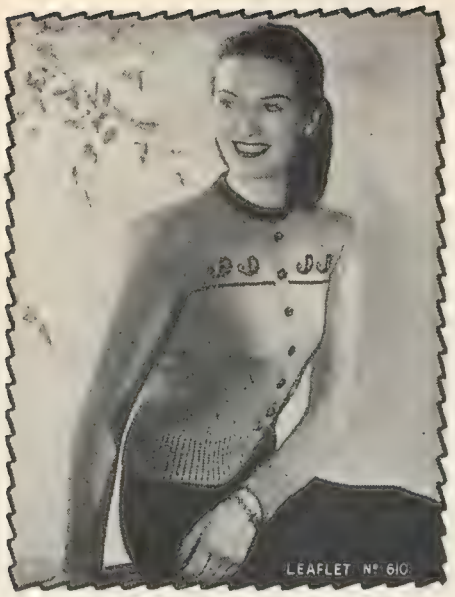
Put spaghetti in boiling salted water. Simmer until tender. Strain and save liquid, chop spaghetti small and make a thick white sauce with flour and milk and a little of liquid from spaghetti—season, add spaghetti and cheese. Mix well together. When cool, form into cutlets and dip in egg or milk and coat with crumbs and fry in hot fat. Drain and serve with tomato sauce.

CHEESE CHARLOTTE

Well grease a souffle dish and line with fingers of bread. Fill with the following mixture:

Ingredients: ¼ lb. bread crumbs; ¼ lb. mashed potato; 4 oz. cheese; ¼ pint milk and water mixed; 1 reconstituted egg; 1 oz. melted margarine; seasoning.

Cream ingredients, beating well. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 400° F., for 40 minutes, serve with baked tomatoes.



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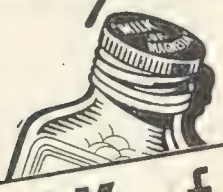

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*Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

The General Takes Off His Helmet

(*Continued from page* 12)

"You wouldn't have *gold* helmets for the *sanitary* squads?"

Hannibal looked at him solemnly.

"If even my elephants have ivory tusks," he said, "are my sanitary squads to be grudged gold helmets?"

"Quite so, sir," said Gisco hastily.

"What I want you to observe is how very much easier it is to be a Commander-in-Chief than it is to be an armourer. All *I* do is to say, 'Let the sanitary squads wear gold helmets,' and in a week from now——"

"Better say a fortnight from now, to be on the safe side," said the man of affairs kindly. One could at least keep him right in matters like that.

"In *three* days from now——" Hannibal corrected himself.

"Three days, sir, yes, sir."

"In three days the sanitary squads are wearing gold helmets. Marvellous! Incredible! I go down to History. And yet what have I done? Nothing that demands the exercise of the intelligence or the operation of manual skill." He sighed. "Any fool can give orders, Gisco, but it takes a clever man to execute them."

Gisco had the brightest moment of his day. "It takes a genius to give the right orders," he said.

Loud applause? No applause. For some reason it was the one thing which was wanted to bring the whole simmering morning to the boil. Hannibal jumped to his feet.

"And who the Hades," he shouted furiously, "is to know whether they *are* right? Do *you* set yourself up as a judge?"

"The gods forbid, sir," said Gisco, up and backing away.

"Then who?"

"Nobody in the army would dare to, sir."

"Exactly. I give the order to besiege Saguntum—" his voice rose almost to a scream—"and for two hundred and thirty-seven days we've been besieging the blasted town"—his voice dropped almost to a whisper—"and who is to tell me whether I am right or wrong?"

He fell back again on his divan. Gisco refilled his cup and passed it to him, while searching in his mind for something helpful, something soothing, something inspiring.

"I always understood, sir," he said, in case the General had forgotten, "that it was meant to be a declaration of war against Rome, Saguntum being under Roman protection."

Hannibal gave him a gentle smile.

"What other Commander has ever taken two hundred and thirty-seven days to declare war? Why not march straight on Rome?"

"Well, sir," Gisco tried again, "you can't leave a fortified town in your rear to cut off your line of retreat."

"My line of *what*?" said Hannibal coldly.

Naturally, thought Gisco, he'd be touchy about a thing like that. Silly of me.

"I mean, sir, that you can't have a fortified town like Saguntum harassing your rear as you advance——"

"My dear Gisco, use words in some relation to their meaning. How can a fortified town harass the rear of a rapidly departing army? It can't run after us."

"No, sir."

There was another pregnant silence.

"If you hadn't known that the General was delighted with you, if you hadn't known for a fact that you inspired him, there *were* times when you might have felt a little doubtful about yourself, wondering if you were to take him seriously when he seemed to be differing from you. As it was, one knew that it was just the General's way. Once again Gisco had given him something to think about; but naturally a Commander-in-Chief doesn't want to acknowledge too openly that——"

"Or take elephants," said Hannibal.

Gisco sat up with a jerk, spilling his wine on the floor of the tent.

"Take what, sir?"

"Elephants."

"Yes, sir. All right, all right, take elephants."

They were off again.

"Am I right to burden myself with all these elephants? Who knows?"

"Surely, sir, they will strike terror into the heart of the Romans."

At least, they would if Romans were at all like Gisco.

"Possibly—if they ever get within trumpeting distance of one. At present it looks as if some of the young ones may just see the siege of Saguntum out." He considered this for a moment, and added: "How long do elephants live?"

"About eighty years, sir, isn't it?"

"Some of the very young ones," amended Hannibal, closing his eyes.

"Yes, sir," said Gisco dutifully.

"Suppose I sent them back to Carthage ——"

"Yes, sir?"

"Somebody takes them?"

"Yes, sir."

"*I* shouldn't know how to take thirty-seven elephants back to Carthage—would *you*?"

For one wild moment Gisco thought of saying yes: of saying that as a boy he had been bronght up with elephants—(only Hannibal knew his sister too well to believe that the family was in the elephant business); of saying that he would like to try (only there was nothing he would hate more); of saying anything to get back to Carthage and Thalyctra (and, of course, Daphnis and Melitta) and away from the camp and the questions. . . . And the knowledge that there was nothing he could say, and that here he was for another how many years and they hadn't even *begun* the real war yet, and that he would never see Melitta again (*or* Thalyctra *or* Daphnis), all this turned him suddenly from a charmingly tactful A.D.C. into a very hot, very annoyed young man.

He said contemptuously: "I don't happen to be an authority on elephants," and turned his back on his General, and drank to show his indifference.

Still with his eyes shut, Hannibal said: "You aren't an authority on elephants, and you can't make a helmet. What," he asked with interest, "*can* you do?"

Gisco's temper began to go.

"If it comes to that, Hannibal," he snapped, "what can *you* do?"

Hannibal sighed.

"This is one of your bad days. For the last twenty minutes I have been confessing my complete inability to do anything; and now you ask me insolently, and with the air of making a point, what I can do."

"Oh, I was insolent, was I?" sneered Gisco.

"You were. You still are." He considered this for a moment, and added, "It's a hot day, of course."

"I'm insolent, am I?" shouted Gisco, his temper quite gone. "All right, then, crucify me."

As soon as he had said this, he wished that he hadn't. Supposing Hannibal took him at his word? It was an unpleasant form of death, and he didn't want to die anyhow. Of course his sister might do something at the last moment—perhaps even now, if he apologized to the old man—

He waited to see what Hannibal would do. . . .

Hannibal did nothing, said nothing. He still lay there with his eyes closed; thinking (Gisco told himself) that this was only a young fool who didn't know what he was saying. Well, he'd show him. He wasn't going to stand that sort of thing.

"Go on!" he shouted. "'Discipline must be maintained'—you've said it often enough. Go on! Crucify me!"

Hannibal opened his eyes, and turned to Gisco, shaking his head at him.

"There you go again," he sighed. "You're making a ridiculously unwarranted demand on my powers. I simply don't know how to *begin* crucifying (*Continued on page* 51)

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anybody." He lay back, and looked up at the roof of the tent, thinking it out.

"One starts by making a cross, I suppose. Well, but where do I get the wood from? And then it has to be shaped—and nailed—no, that wouldn't do—fitted together in some way, with a—tenon, do you call it?—and braced—is that it?—braced at the back with—you know, the more I think about it, the more complicated it seems." He sighed again.

"You've only got to look outside," said Gisco viciously. "There are plenty of old crosses ready for you. 'Discipline must be maintained.'"

Hannibal pulled himself into a sitting position, and looked at Gisco with a new interest.

"That's funny," he said. "That's twice you've said that, and in the same unnatural voice. Is it supposed to be an imitation of me?"

"It is."

"Is my voice really like that?"

"Yes. And I'm sick of the sound of it."

Hannibal leant forward anxiously.

"Just let's try if you don't mind. I want to get this established. I'll go first." In the voice in which he might address a conference of his commanders, he said firmly, "Discipline must be maintained!" and added, "Now *you* say it." He turned his head slightly, his ear raised to Gisco, and waited chin on hand.

"Discipline must be maintained," Gisco said sulkily.

Hannibal shook his head.

"It's not very good, is it? Apparently you add to your inability to make helmets and conduct elephants across country, an inability to give recognizable imitations."

"Inabilities," said Gisco with a low bow, "which I have the honour of sharing with my lord Hannibal."

"True. And in addition *I* can't wear a helmet without getting a headache, *I* can't take Saguntum, and *I* can't even keep the respect of a very ordinary young man with red ears."

For perhaps the first time in his life Gisco spoke without hearing himself speak. For perhaps the first time in his life he recognized himself as a very ordinary young man, possibly with red ears. "Sir," he cried remorsefully, "forgive me! I am ashamed, I am not worthy to live!" He put his hand to his sword-hilt, and at the feel of it became himself again. "Say the word," he cried dramatically, "and I will fall on it!"

Hannibal shook his head.

"You'd probably miss it," he said.

Gisco was beginning to wonder about that too. It was easy enough to say, but how exactly did one do it? He took the short sword in both hands and pressed the point to his chest. That anyhow was easy.

"Say the word," he cried again, "and I will plunge it into my heart!"

He wished Thalyctra could see him now. He also wished Daphnis could, and Melitta. But they would hear about it. His sister would get a letter from Hannibal, and in a little while the news would be all over Carthage. . . .

Hannibal had told Gisco's sister that her brother was a constant inspiration to him. Perhaps he hadn't meant it quite in the way that they supposed. But at least Gisco had inspired him now. He leapt to his feet.

"Ah!" he cried, "there's something we both *could* do! We've found it at last. No orders to give to others! No wondering afterwards if we were right or wrong! A decision, private in application, personal in execution, which we can never regret. My sword, Gisco!"

The General Takes Off His Helmet

"Hannibal!" said Gisco, aghast.

"At least my orders are obeyed."

"I would rather obey any other than that."

It was true. If Hannibal killed himself, then Gisco must needs kill himself too, and there would be nobody to write to his sister, and tell her how bravely her brother had died. And Thalyctra—and of course Melitta and Daphnis—would never know. Yes, he would obey any order sooner than that one.

"Curious!" said Hannibal in a gentle voice. "It is the most humane order I have ever given. My sword, Gisco."

Gisco came forward with the sword belt and the helmet. Hannibal smiled.

"The helmet too," he said. "We are going to a place where there will be no headaches, we hope. Well, let me try to look like a real General for the last time!"

Gisco stopped suddenly.

"What's that?" he whispered. "Listen, sir!" He held up his hand.

Distant shouts could be heard, voices in argument close at hand, scufflings; and then rapid footsteps, as an officer burst in on them.

"Well, sir?" said Hannibal in that cold terrifying voice which all knew.

"My lord!" the officer cried. "Surrender, my lord! An embassy of surrender from the town! Surrender!"

A little sigh came from Hannibal, so gentle that Gisco could hardly hear it.

"Ah!"

He turned to his A.D.C. and said, "You have my sword there?" He took the belt, and fastened it on. "They are being conducted here?"

"Yes, my lord. It is here that you will receive them?"

"Yes. My helmet, Gisco."

The officer went out. Two of the Nubian bodyguard came in, and stood one on each side of the entrance to the inner tent. Hannibal took the great helmet, and lowered it on to his head. As it touched his forehead, he flinched slightly. The envoys could be heard shuffling through the outer tent.

Hannibal gave the helmet back to Gisco. He took off his sword-belt. With great dignity, and in a loud voice he said:

"No! They are brave men and have fought bravely. In respect for their valour I shall receive them as equals."

He took up a commanding position, his hand on his hip, his A.D.C. a little behind him on the left. Helmet or no helmet, sword or no sword, every inch a General.

The Nubians stood to attention. The envoys from Saguntum, walking dispiritedly between their guards, came through the opening.

"My lords!" said Hannibal, "I have the honour to receive you as you come, unarmed and—bare-headed."

As he said the last word, his chin made an infinitesimal movement towards Gisco. His left eye caught Gisco's eye. He winked . . .

Well, you couldn't help liking the man.

END

Women Of The Left

(*Continued from page* 13)

lakeside villa at Snagov, a limousine 'twixt the two, behold Tovarish Anny, embodiment of the New Women of the freedom-loving democracies.

CAST in the same mould, though lacking Anna's robust humour, is Bulgaria's first woman Minister, Tsola Dragoicheva. Born in 1900, Tsola was, also, a school teacher before seeing the red light at the age of nineteen. Prematurely wrinkled and grey from fanatical effort, "the once beautiful Sonya", who captivated Georgi Dimitroff at an earlier stage of her career, now sits in the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs beneath a large portrait of The Man Who Stood Up To Goering.

Tsola is second in influence to Dimitroff, and was actually in charge of wholesale executions before that worthy's return to Sofia from long Moscow "exile." Her main work has been as Secretary of the Fatherland Front which is camouflage for the small core that controls Bulgaria according to orders from the Kremlin.

Then there is Mitra Djilass, the dark and laughing Minister of (*Continued on page* 52)

Going places

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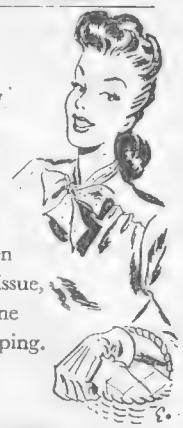

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Women Of The Left

Education in Belgrade. What exactly she is laughing at, I know not, unless it be the triumph of Slav philosophy of which she once made a speciality. But Mitra's importance derives from her being the wife of Broz—Tito's close companion, General Milovan Djilass, who is commonly referred to as the third most important man in Jugoslavia.

For a more striking woman in red, one proceeds north to Finland.

Herrta Kuusinen is Communist Party Chairman in the Finnish Parliament. She is also Mrs. Yrjoe Leino, wife of the Finnish Minister of the Interior and head of the Stapo or State Police. Herrta's father used to be a Socialist, but became an official of the Comintern in Russia. Herrta followed him thither, as a schoolgirl, fourteen years ago, and later returned to Finland as an underground agitator. She, too, has taught between terms in prison, and, while there is no doubting her Communism, no enormity yet lies to her charge.

The first woman to reach Cabinet rank in Czechoslovakia is no less than Minister for Industry, responsible for consolidating nationalization. She is a fifty-year-old widow, Ludmila Jankovcova, politics not stated. But the Premier is a Communist and national industry is not a branch that Communists lightly let out of their clutches.

So it comes to this: of the curtained-off paragons, Poland, Hungary and Russia herself have yet to produce leading Women in Red. Not that the absence of home-brewed Paukers and Tsolas, striking though it be, is any serious handicap to Moscow which has first call on all red females wherever they may be, and can and does summon the *élite* for intensive courses in Paukerism. In this respect, I am quite sure the Russians would much prefer a slap-up German successor to Rosa Luxemburg, to any home-brewed female Tovarish of consequence.

GERMAN women are not good subjects to be worked over politically. The Russians know this, like the rest of us. I had it out with young Frau Sprengel, in the Russian sector of Berlin. She had been but three weeks a Communist and was already one of the six most important persons of Berlin's Municipal Council. But she didn't see much future to proselytizing. "German women have no inner self, *kein Inhalt*!" she kept on. "They don't wish anybody's politics or ideologies. They want food, clothes, love, escape, rest!" I believe the lady was right, too; anyway, we shook hands on it.

In search of German women who have come to the fore, I find myself limited to five, while freely admitting there may be others in the American Zone, who have escaped my notice (there are none in the French). My list is comprised as follows: Frau Louise Schroeder, sixty, Social Democrat, who would have been Lord Mayor of Berlin, had the Russians played fair; Frau Bahnisch, forty-eight, civil servant under Weimar Republic, Vice-President of Hanover Region; Fräulein Albet, forty-two, first Lord Mayor of Oberhausen, part-ruined Ruhr city; Frau Paule Karpinski, Socialist, first woman Senator of the Hamburg Burgerschaft (local parliament), Frau Maria Sevenich, ex-Communist, now most talented Christian Democrat speaker in Western Germany.

None of these ladies could be called more than pink, and two are not even that. No; if there are to be Rosas for Stalin, they still have to bud in Germany.

Reverting to the West, I suppose the most representative type of "Left" Woman in the United Kingdom is Dame Anne Loughlin, first woman general secretary of a major trade union (Tailors and Garment Workers). "Just over five ft., pleasant-looking, in her late forties," British Anne worked her way from much deeper down than Panslav Anna. Each, I note, is "a passionate, natural orator." How interesting, to see how far they could agree. What an intriguing television documentary: Western Woman Meets Eastern.

I confess, though, that I am more held by a second Dame's performance, to wit, Sybil Thorndike's. In these days of "eels" and kindred insulting epithets released by men of mean calibre, I know of no more elusive political eel than Dame Sybil, who claims to be "a very keen Socialist," yet is at the call of the *Daily Worker*, organ of the Harry Pollittburo which follows the Kremlin line of panning hades out of the British Socialist leaders.

Mme. Poinsot-Chapuis, youngish mother of twins, is the first French woman Cabinet Minister. A Socialist from Marseilles, she is handicapped by leading a "dry" movement. As she can get no support from the Church, and not much from her wine-bibbing fellow-Socialists, Madame has only the austere lot to turn to, who are preponderantly Communists in the absence of any positive French counterpart to our professional Austerians. And Madame doesn't like the "Cocos"!

Not bereft of influence is a pinkie in the Elysée Palace, that self-described "militant Socialist," Madame Michele Auriol. This tall, slender brunette of fifty-one began life very young, by marrying at sixteen. She would like to spend her days painting landscapes in oils, round her native Toulouse. Her second love is the Socialist movement, and she decoded for the Resistance, at Lyons, while her husband was in London and Algiers.

Madame la Présidente is annoyed that Frenchwomen haven't come on, in politics, as they could have done. Thirty-eight women in Parliament, and hardly more than one, the Communist widow of an executed editor, Madame Péri, has made a hit. In point of fact, a more influential Frenchwoman than any of them may be Thorez's wife, who goes under her maiden name of Vermeesch. Madame V. is an important aid to her husband, with whom she has been to Moscow.

What price an American Woman to go with the Marshall Plan? Alas, the Great Republic of the West is singularly barren in females of weight. Eleanor Roosevelt is more suited to the newspaper column than to politics, and the ravishing Claire Booth is said to see the advantages of the devotional life over that of the House of Representatives.

The female heavyweight of Bukarest holds the ring. When will Western Women produce a rival?

END

"Spring Swing"

(*Continued from page* 16)

seed can be harvested as higher British living standards—turned into 400,000 and 500,000 houses built here each year and a pre-war butter consumption of half-a-pound a head of the population, and all the petrol your car can use.

THE Americans are more optimistic than we are about the relative velocity of our return to better eating and production-for-home-use standards. They think that if world weather is kind to crops—it was unkind last year—and the Marshall Plan programme successfully runs the Congress gauntlet, the economic recovery of Britain and the fifteen other European war casualties may well be "marvellous."

It's not only a matter of 7 billion dollars' worth of stuff pouring across the Atlantic during the fifteen months starting April 1 to support the European recovery programme—food and steel, locomotives and lorries, electrical and coalmining equipment, coal and timber, farm machinery. There's the fertilizer catalyst besides.

The European experts in Paris last autumn estimated the progress of their local yields of bread grain crops. In Washington some scientists came out of the Department of Agriculture—they've got five miles of scientists' offices in that huge building—and looked over the figures. "Something wrong here," they said. Then they looked at the fertilizer request (*Continued on page* 54)

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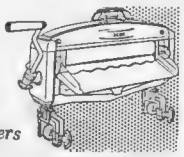

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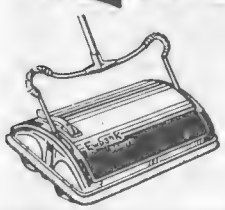

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and found where the calculations erred. The Europeans had forgotten to don their fertilizer glasses. The vast loads of fertilizer asked for could be supplied; but the European experts had worked on the assumption that the crop land would have to grow things without it. With fertilizer added to the equation, local yields of bread grains could progress at a rate twice that estimated by the Europeans.

Let's hope they're right for this as well as future years, because the American bin is good for only 19 million of the 30 million tons of bread grains Europe asked for this year. After 1947, the curve takes on a jet-propelled look. 1948 needs of 30 million tons drop to 7 million tons for 1949, 5 million tons for 1950, and 4 million tons for 1951, when the average European (a term including Britain) citizen may be expected to be back on a consumption of about 6 lb. of bread a week, his pre-war eating.

We have to keep our fingers crossed about weather. It was weather, not war, that cut the crops so hard last year.

On weather nobody has any inside information. The meteorologists look at their charts, and study the mysterious weather cycles—weather seems to have cycles within cycles—and guess. One eminent practitioner I have consulted is sure that three out of the next five years will be fortunate for crops in the Western hemisphere. If he's approximately right, 1952 or 1953 may see the great grain growers, who now sell small surpluses at record prices, anxiously looking for markets for bumper carry-overs at ever-lower prices.

And by that time Britain's £2,000,000,000 farming industry may have reached again, and passed, the pre-war richness of 9 million head of cattle, 25 million sheep (yielding a sixth of the wool we fed into our textile machines each year), 4½ million pigs, and enough hens to lay 40 million great hundreds of eggs a year, two-thirds of all we ate in those lavish days.

We still had to ship in annually 600,000

"Spring Swing"

head of cattle for food, besides 11½ million cwts. of beef, 6¾ million cwts. of mutton and lamb, 7½ million cwts. of bacon and hams, and a million cwts. of pork. But protein foods will be progressively more plentiful as the war-damaged countries restore their economies. It's not a matter only of fertilizer and seed and breeding and farm implements. Coal and oil and transport vehicles and a thousand other things are geared to farm production directly or indirectly.

The Russians will cut and ship more timber when they get our saw-mill machinery. The great oil-fields of the Middle East will step up production enormously (it's rising fast already: Anglo-Iranian produced half as much again in 1947 as in 1946, and the output will rise every year for the next five years) as new refinery equipment is shipped out and erected, and the Americans run their £40,000,000 new pipe line 1,250 miles from Damman, and the British run their new line from Abadan to the Mediterranean.

If you go looking and feeling for them, you can discern these "spring swings" in all directions. Sometimes they take the form of dips instead of rises in the curves. For example, the Red tide in Europe—it started a definite ebb when Mr. Molotov said "No" for the last time. It's still going down.

By end-1948, the black-market-crime curve may be starting its long, slow downturn. It won't touch bottom until scarcites end. A sad day for the black-marketeer. He will be as lost as the bootlegger and hijacker on America's repeal of prohibition. He may even have to turn to honest work to find the wherewithal to live.

One dark spot I must record. The curve of Scotch, well-matured Scotch that is, remains down. It may be nearer 1955 than 1951 before the supply approaches anything like what was considered normal pre-war—when, you recall, the proprietary-brand distillers fought for our custom.

END

Superlatives

(*Continued from page 29*)

unique example of a weeping or kneeling cross. Two stones remain, the upper having a socket which probably contained the shaft of a cross, and the lower having eight knee holes in which penitents, thinly clad in white, publicly wept and supplicated for their misdeeds seven hundred years ago.

The only medieval fortified bridge is at Monmouth, where the western gate stands astride the bridge spanning the Monnow River.

The only Quintain post still standing is on the village green at Offham, near Maidstone, a unique sporting relic which takes the form of a T-shaped post with a wooden paddle crosspiece pivoted at the top and having a bag of sand hanging from one end.

The idea was to charge at the paddle with a lance when on horseback and get past before the weight on the opposite end of the paddle swung round and dealt the rider a sound blow on the neck.

Coming now to the most ancient we have in the nave of Greensted Church, near Ongar, the oldest wooden walls in England.

They were built by the Saxons fifty-six years before the Norman Conquest, and consist of a number of split logs of oak or chestnut about four feet long, set on a wooden plinth.

The oldest church in Great Britain is St. Martin's, at Canterbury, and is with the exception of its tower, much the same as it was when St. Augustine saw it in the year 597.

The oldest stone bridge over the Thames is at Radcot (1312). It was under these ancient arches that some of the Burford stone for St. Paul's Cathedral was conveyed down-stream in barges.

If we go to Surrey, we shall find on Outwood Common, near Redhill, England's oldest windmill. It stands 400 feet above the sea and is still in use, although built as far back as 1665.

Kent has the tallest windmill, 72 feet high, at Cranbrook.

The tallest cathedral spire is Salisbury, rising to 404 feet. Originally it was exceeded by Lincoln, which stood higher by 120 feet, until 1547, when that spire was blown down in a gale.

The highest market town in England is Alston, 950 feet up, as is also its market cross and the highest waterfall is Foyers, near Loch Ness, with a drop of 90 feet.

Cirencester has by far the largest and certainly the most singular church porch in England; it is a great three-storeyed structure.

Winchester Cathedral has the longest Nave in the world.

The largest steel arch bridge is at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the largest stone arch span at Chester, on Grosvenor bridge.

The broadest high street in England is at Marlborough and the narrowest in all Britain is Parliament Street, Exeter, a turning out of the High Street; at that end it is 2 feet 2 inches in width.

There are a number of very diminutive buildings in many parts, but the smallest house in Great Britain is declared to be the tiny one on the quayside at Conway.

The smallest cathedral is St. Asaph, and the smallest church is Upleatham, in Yorkshire, which measures 17 feet by 13½ feet, and seats fifteen people.

Land's End boasts the "First and Last" inn in England. If you should be going to John o'Groats it will be the first you meet, if it be the other way round, then it will be the last.

Finally we cross the Menai Straits by the longest suspension bridge in the British Isles, to Anglesey where we find the town with the longest and most unpronounceable name of: Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllll-antysiliogogogoch.

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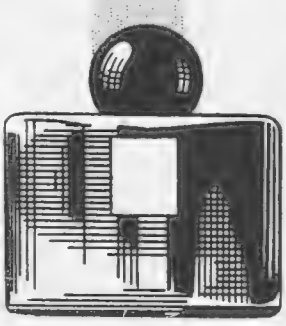

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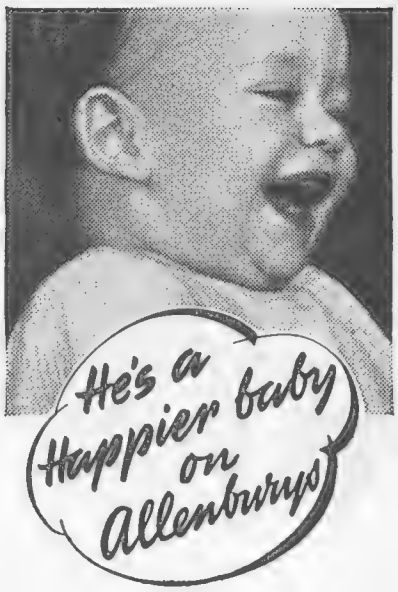

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Storm Over The Lords

(*Continued from page* 15)

in 1712 when she had created twelve peers at once, and William IV had been ready to pack the Lords with a hundred new members at the time of the Reform Bill. The same threat was used again in 1911.

Not only the Commons have advocated changes in the constitution of the Upper House. The Lords themselves have made their own suggestions. In 1908, a committee under Lord Rosebery recommended fewer hereditary peerages and urged that not all peers should sit in the House of Lords, but that two hundred only, elected by their fellows, should have seats. Ten years later another proposal for election of peers was made, but this time the majority of the votes was to be in the hands of the Commons.

An implication in both these instances was that the House had become too unwieldy for efficient working. And indeed it has shown a remarkable growth through the centuries. In the fifteenth century its membership was about fifty, and from three times that number when William III came to the throne, it has increased to about eight hundred to-day.

Whatever opinions may be as to the optimum size of the House of Lords, many people will acknowledge the value of the expert knowledge on a variety of subjects that is found among its members. From the eighteenth century onwards, the most eminent men in politics, the professions and the services have sat on its benches and it is often said that better speeches can be heard in it than in the Commons.

The big issue, whenever the question of the reform of the House of Lords has arisen, has always been the hereditary character of its membership. But the very important judicial functions of the House depend on the Lords of Appeal, who are life peers. Representing the whole House, they hear the cases that come up from the High Court and the Court of Appeal and, as such, play an indispensable part in the conduct of British justice.

Disraeli once described the Upper House as a "compact bulwark against the temporary violence of popular passion." On the other hand, a wit of the 1830s declared that it resembled a certain old woman of Sidmouth who tried to arrest the onrush of the sea with a mop. No doubt both these views will be echoed when the status of the Lords is discussed in the Commons this session.

END

The Spivs Of Paris

(*Continued from page* 20)

the shops, full of textile goods, but the Paris "Spivs" do manage quite easily apparently to compete on prices, but I notice that now-a-days they have to talk or "spiel" to get the crowd round them.

Now this is what I meant when I wrote that the Paris "Spivs" sometimes go underground and work there.

Many of the Paris Underground Railway—*le Métro*—junction stations have long tunnels linking one section with another; a number of them are a quarter of a mile long and some even longer. Take the *Gare St. Lazare* underground station for example; it simply abounds with long tunnels. All day long and until late at night blind beggars and blind musicians haunt these tunnels, but from time to time, no doubt on instructions from the Central Control, the "Spivs" go underground and ply a most thriving trade for two or three days. Then they vanish, only to return a few weeks later with some fresh racket. I have been watching this form of "Spivery," but I must confess I do not quite know what to make of it.

There is no competition, because all the "Spivs" are selling the same article at the same price. Granted that they probably have their decoys who rush up and thrust hundred-franc notes into the hands of the "Spivs," but many of the thousands of hustling travellers find time to stop, look, and listen—and buy. The Central Control must be masters of crowd psychology.

The opposite numbers in Paris of the London "Barrow Boys" are known as "Sidis." They are Algerians, and just as to me all the London "Barrow Boys" look alike, so in Paris do the "Sidis" all bear a strong family resemblance one to the other, but unlike the London "Barrow Boys," who always appear pretty well-dressed, the "Sidis" of Paris are not wearing natty suitings; their clothes are well-worn and shiny lounge suits. Their black, curly locks are not crowned with a light grey Fedora; they are either bare-headed or else they sport a blue beret.

Just as the "Barrow Boys" have stepped into the shoes of the old-time coster, so have the "Sidis" followed in the footsteps of fruit hawkers who were just ordinary salesmen and women of the streets of Paris, individuals working for themselves alone.

Like the "Barrow Boys," the "Sidis" seldom work on their own. There is a Central Control which leases the barrows and sells the "Sidis" the goods they have to re-sell, but these Algerians, the "Sidis," the "Barrow Boys" of Paris, I suppose do not earn as much for themselves as do the "Barrow Boys" of London.

I have kept back my favourite "Spiv" until the last. He—and sometimes it is a she—is the star turn of the Paris streets. It takes three persons to work the racket about which I am now going to tell. The actual operator, who looks and acts like a stooge but is not, and who is entirely silent and who plays to perfection the part of a merely most-interested spectator; the look-out man or woman who keeps a weather eye open for the approach of a policeman—and the "spieller," the best "Spiv" of the lot.

The working outfit is merely a cigar box which has a hole punctured in the front panel, through which runs an invisible thread which passes, likewise invisibly, through two tiny cardboard figures and then, always invisibly, continues for about three yards and ends in the hand of the interested spectator who stands exactly opposite the cigar box on the pavement, the hand thrust negligently into a coat pocket.

The "spieller" starts walking round, making facetious and topical remarks to make the gathering crowd laugh; then he begins giving commands to the two tiny figures on the pavement: "*Débout; couchez-vous!*"; the figures obey with aplomb. Then the "spieller" issues his orders in German, English, Italian, any language of which he may have a smattering. A crowd always gathers and marvels. People look on as if they were seeing something almost supernatural. "How's it done?" they murmur to one another. Nobody thinks of the person, hand in pocket, standing right opposite the cigar box, but looking, oh, so intently, at the two little struggling figures on the pavement.

Sometimes the code word uttered by the lookout man or woman, which means "'*flic*' (slang word for policeman) approaching," causes the "Spiv" to seize the cigar box, whip the two figures and the invisible thread into his pocket, all quicker than it takes to write the words, and disappear into the traffic. The operator just strolls away.

I have noticed, too, the technique of a sale. The chief "Spiv," who is the "spieller," hands over a couple of cardboard figures wrapped in paper which he whispers contains the instructions; then he rapidly moves on to another "pitch."

Well, in the words of a song I heard Jack Warner sing on the air: "Even a Spiv Must Live."

END

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD

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THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

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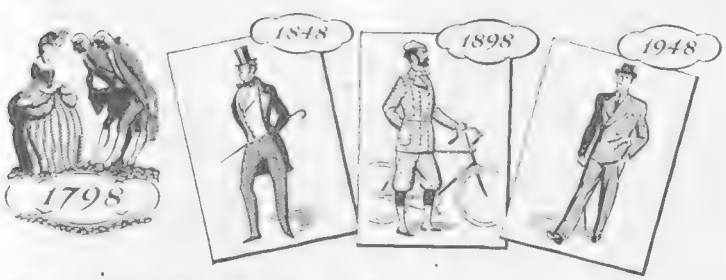

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"PLEASES THAT LAD IN MY LIFE!"... says Mrs. ALAN LADD . . . *delightful wife of the dashing screen star*

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RELIEF for hard-worked eyes . . .

Optrex is particularly valuable in cases of :—

1. Inflamed eyes. **2.** Encrusted eyelids. **3.** Styes and other eye troubles. **4.** Eye strain, due to glaring or insufficient light. **5.** Eye strain due to overwork. **6.** Eye irritation by dust, fog or smoke.

All these eye ailments are particularly prevalent today—and every home should try to keep Optrex on hand to administer first aid. But remember—at the first sign of serious eye trouble, a Qualified Practitioner should be consulted.

Optrex
the eye lotion

Lace Wool Bed Jacket

(*Continued from page* 36)

Rep. from * to the last 6 sts. p. 3, k. 3.

3rd row.—K. 1, p. 2, * k. 3, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2; rep. from * to the last 6 sts. k. 3, p. 2, k. 1.

4th row.—As 2nd row. These 4 rows form patt. Continue until 12 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. K. 2 tog. at the beg. and end of every row until 103 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 81 sts. Work garter st. and holes as for the lower part of back. Change to No. 9 needles and patt. Continue until 12 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES (Wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. K. 2 tog. every armhole and row until 60 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front with shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles, cast on 65 sts. Work in garter st. and holes as for the lower part of back.

Next row.—* K. 3, inc. 1 st. in the next st.; rep. from * to end (81 sts.). P. one row back. Change to No. 9 needles and work for 17 ins. (not counting garter st. band).

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 31 sts. remain. Cast off.

EDGING

With No. 13 needles, cast on 6 sts. (work all in g.st.) ** work 2 rows.

Next row.—K. 2. Cast off 2, k. 2.

Next row.—K. 2. Cast on 2, k. 2; rep. from ** to go round both sides and the back of neck.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side of work. Slightly gather the fronts of each shoulder and sew up shoulder seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on edgings. Press all seams. Thread ribbon through holes in edging sewing down at each side of the lower part. Thread ribbon through holes at cuffs and the lower edge.

END

In A Diagonal Weave

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

Return to the first set of 40 sts. Join nigger brown wool at the neck edge, with a p. row. Work to correspond with other side.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until after armhole shaping (90 sts.). Work 1 in. Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 45 sts. Place the remaining 45 sts. on a spare needle. Work on the first 45 sts., keeping the last 3 sts. (at centre) in garter st. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins. (ending on the last row of patt.). Join on nigger brown wool. Work in moss st. for 1 in., finishing at neck edge.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row. Work 1 in., at the same time dec. by casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row, until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the 45 sts. on spare needle. Join on nigger brown wool. Work to correspond with the last 45 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on with nigger brown wool, 54 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and moss st. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 89 sts. and sleeve measures 17½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 39 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and nigger brown wool cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neck-band. With a No. 12 crochet hook work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of back opening (using gold at the lower part, and nigger brown at the upper part). Work button loops on the right-hand side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons to left-hand side of back opening.

END

Floating Lady

(*Continued from page* 19)

left-'anded unicorns! . . . Now before you go to duty to-morrow. . . ."

"It's my free day to-morrow, sir," said Ephraim.

"Damn tha for a fule! 'Old tha tongue, won't you! Since you're minded on galivantin' to-morrow, get you along to Dallas Row this minute! Get you along thar and write an account of what 'appened 'ere—what you saw, what you did. Facts, and no blamed, damn fule left-'anded nonsense! Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Ephraim, humbled. "I understand."

WHEN Ephraim awoke at half-past eight, a pale saffron fog blanketed the dormitory windows. He lay abed for some time, staring at it through half-closed eyes, and recalling the events of the night. He thought of the Floating Lady: her eyes, her rain-flecked coat, the dark mud splashes on her boots. He thought of Nicky. Nicky Coen the sly old rat of a receiver, the little lady with the lovely eyes, and her pride, like a flame within her. . . . No, no, it wouldn't do! They just didn't connect! Or did they? He rose, and dressed leisurely. Outside the fog seemed to be thinning a little.

It was ten o'clock when he finished his breakfast. Perhaps by this time the newspapers were carrying the story of Nicky; it was surprising the sharp way they got on to such things. He decided to go out and buy a paper.

He set out at a leisurely pace down Dallas Row, his hands thrust into his overcoat pockets. He was frowning a little, thinking unpleasantly of Inspector Smeed. He pulled up short as his fingers closed on a mud-stiffened handkerchief, and he thought: My stars! I've forgotten *that*! He knew perfectly well what he should do. He should go straight to the inspector with the handkerchief. He should submit himself to the scourge of the inspector's tongue. It was his plain duty.

He went into a shop doorway and examined the handkerchief carefully. The scent of lavender still clung to it. Inked into the hem was a scarcely legible initial and a name. As he stood there, plainly troubled, he seemed to hear again the inspector's words: "You blamed, damn fule, you! . . . 'Old tha tongue!" He thrust the handkerchief back into his pocket.

"Aw, to hell with him!" he muttered, and walked on. (*Continued on page* 61)

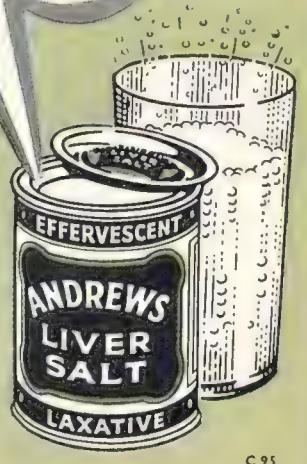
Spring swing
by Wolsey
T.W.

EXCUSE ME...

Inner Cleanliness comes first

Here's a simple health rule for all the family—Inner Cleanliness with Andrews. A glass of pleasant-tasting Andrews, taken whenever the need arises, will keep the system sweet and clean and help to guard against minor digestive upsets. FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. NEXT: Antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness. FINALLY: To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves constipation and purifies the blood.

Family size tin, 2/3



C 95

ANDREWS REFRESHING · TONIC · LAXATIVE

He went straight to the stage door of the Eldorado, and addressed himself to the frowsy little man beyond the glass panel.

"Mr. Carlotti in the theatre?"

The man shook his head.

"'E'll be along shortly to check on 'is props. Got'n appointment, mister?"

"Well—er, no. Will the lady be with him—his assistant, you know?"

"'Is wife, you mean?"

"Ah!" said Ephraim. And then: "Of course. Are they still in rooms at—let's see, Islington, isn't it?"

"No, they ain't, nor never 'ave bin. I ain't supposed to give no private addresses."

"Oh, that's all right. I'm an old friend."

"Are you, though? In that case you'll know Mr. Carlotti's proper name, won't you?"

"Wouldn't be Cardyce by any chance?" said Ephraim, with a smile.

"Um, that's right. But, straight up, mister, it's as much as me job's worth to give you 'is private address."

But for half a crown he willingly jeopardized his livelihood, laboriously writing the address on a scrap of paper, and adding some verbal directions as to how it could be reached.

It proved to be in a sordid little street near Camberwell Green; a street of mean grey houses, of cats and cobbles, and hard-faced little children scampering barefoot in the gutters. Ephraim mounted the steps of one of the houses; a hag in hair curlers informed him (through the ground-floor window) that she couldn't answer for them upstairs, he'd better go up and see for himself. He admitted himself by pulling a latch string, ascended the bare staircase to the top floor, knocked at a door.

The door opened.

The Floating Lady stood face to face with him.

He removed his cap.

"Mr. Cardyce in, ma'am?"

"I'm sorry. He's at the theatre."

"Oh, what a pity!" said Ephraim. "Do you mind if I come in?" And he walked past her into the room. He smiled at her, turning his cap in his big brown hands.

"Such a pity!" he said. "I did so particular want to see him. I'm by way of being a conjurer, you see, ma'am—no great shakes, of course, just an amatoor. But I wondered if Mr. C. would benefit me with some good advice."

"But he isn't here!"

"Yes, yes! As you said, ma'am."

He looked round the mean little room. A brass bedstead occupied all of one wall. There was a bentwood chair. A fire flickered dismally in the grate. Beneath the window, two travelling trunks were piled one on the other.

"I wonder," said Ephraim. "I wonder if *you* could give me some advice, ma'am?"

"I'm sure I couldn't."

"But you're his wife, aren't you? His assistant, too, ma'am! Do you know, I saw you at the theatre last night. Very poorly you looked, if I might say so, ma'am."

"Ah, yes," she answered, slowly.

He was conscious of the searching intensity of her eyes, a little discomforted. He said quickly: "Would you write me a little note to carry to your husband, ma'am? Just to explain I called here and that you sent me on to the theatre. It'll help me get past the stage doorkeeper, I dessay."

"I think there's no need. But if you really want it. . . ."

"If you please, ma'am."

He handed her a stub of pencil.

"Thank you, thank you," he smiled, when she was done. "Now I'll be running along. Sorry to have troubled you, I'm sure! . . . Oh, by the way, ma'am, did you drop a handkerchief last night? In Engel Street?"

She gave a little stifled gasp, and shook her head.

"Bears the name of Cardyce, ma'am. Just a coincidence, I expect. Oh, well, I'll be running along, ma'am. Good-day to you."

He turned, and clattered down the stairs. Out in the street he glanced up and saw the curtain of the top-floor window had been drawn aside. Ah, but he'd shaken her! For a moment her defences had fallen! He felt, strangely, a pang of remorse for what he had done; it seemed, somehow, not quite fair.

But she wasn't left-handed—he had watched her writing that note. She wasn't left-handed, thank the Lord!

And so thinking, he strode briskly up the street.

SOME three hours later he retraced his steps. He admitted himself to the house, moved ponderously up the stairs, and knocked. There was no answer. He knocked again, opened the door, and went in.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed, her hands clasped in her lap. She did not speak and he said: "Ma'am, I must inform you I am a police officer."

"I have guessed it," she answered, quietly.

That's a help, he thought.

"I fear there's bad news for you, ma'am."

"You have arrested my husband?"

Ephraim shook his head.

"Your husband is dead, ma'am. He fell from the escape stairs at the theatre, and was killed instantly."

She sat quite still, narrowing her eyes at him as if she could not grasp his meaning. Then she drew herself up, a violent tremor passed through her. She covered her face with her hands, and started to weep, very softly at first, then louder and louder. A tenderness moved in Ephraim's heart. He stretched a hand to her shoulder.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said.

"Oh, I'm glad, glad!" she cried. "May God forgive me, but I'm glad! He was a monster, a maniac! I hated him!"

"Easy now!" said Ephraim. "What made you hate him, ma'am? He *was* your husband, wasn't he?"

She looked up at him with the tears clinging on her cheeks.

"He was my husband," she said. And then, after a little: "I married him when I was very young. I didn't know him. He was so kind and charming to me then! But I soon discovered him. He wasn't—he wasn't human! He drank a great deal, but he was never drunk. He was so horribly fierce and strong when he was like that, there was a sort of madness in him. He was a thief, too, he had no honour, none at all. And I—oh, but I can't speak of the brutal things he did to me."

"I think there's no need," said Ephraim.

She asked: "Did—did he confess to murder?"

"He confessed not a thing, ma'am. But I knew, all the same."

She gave him a quick, bewildered look.

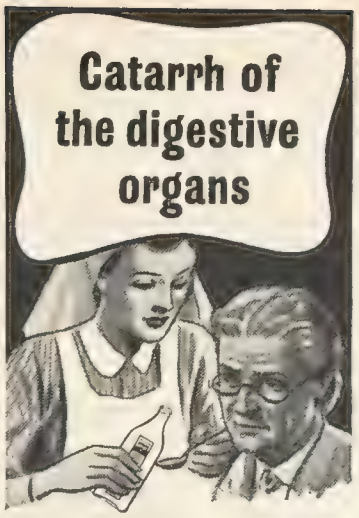
"I don't understand."

"Then I will tell you, ma'am," said Ephraim. "I will tell you what happened when I went from here. I gave your husband the note, and he seemed not at all pleased to see me. We were up in your dressing room, and I persuaded him to show me a little trick with an egg. He turned back his sleeves, and I saw on the inside of his left arm—here, below the wrist, a tattooed unicorn. There was something else, too, a crown I think, but I'm not sure of that. But I did see this unicorn, and Nicky Coen had spoken of a unicorn with his last breath, ma'am. I told your husband I was a police officer, and wished to question him about Nicky's death. He gave me a shove that sent me sprawling, and was out of the window on the escape stairs in a flash. I went after him, but I couldn't stop him. He gave me a sort of—well, a demon's look, and he laughed. Then he jumped. When I reached him down below, he was dead. I feel sure he meant to do himself in."

She nodded, and said with curious detachment, as if speaking to herself: "Last night, he threatened to kill me if I breathed a word to anyone. He meant it . . . he was capable of anything, anything! . . . And he said they would never hang him for Nicky Coen. He meant that, too."

"Well, that's that, then," said Ephraim. "But now, ma'am, I must ask for an explanation of your part in this business. I mean, ma'am,

(*Continued on page 62*)



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FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS

the matter of this handkerchief."

"Why, yes," she answered, with a wry smile. "It's mine. There's no use denying it, is there?"

"Not a ha'porth, ma'am."

"Listen, please. I want to tell you. My husband often spoke of Nicky. He said Nicky had more money in his shop than he knew what to do with. It became a sort of mania with him: Nicky's money, and our—our poorness. His talk made me terribly frightened. . . . Last night, when I went to see to the working of the trap beneath the stage, I left my husband alone in the dressing room. When I returned, he was gone. But the window was open, and I guessed he had gone out that way to avoid passing the stage-doorkeeper. I knew, too, Nicky's shop was only a few minutes away. I ran out, hoping to warn him. But when I got there, the—the dreadful thing had happened. My husband wasn't there. I—I didn't know what to do, I don't recall exactly what I did do. I think I wandered the streets for a time, and then—then I went back to the theatre."

"So you did, ma'am," said Ephraim. "That's all I wanted to know."

She looked him full in the eyes, and asked in a steady voice: "What are you going to do with me?"

A minute passed before Ephraim spoke.

Then he said: "Why, nothing, ma'am."

And he tossed the handkerchief into the fire.

Floating Lady

WELL, that is the story—at any rate, the essential part of it. What followed can be briefly told. There were, of course, the inquests; and these were tricky, Ephraim confessed. However, he negotiated them successfully without telling one deliberate lie, though there was much he left unsaid. Nobody connected the death of the Great Carlotti ("Temporarily Insane") with that of Nicky Coen ("Murder by Some Person Unknown")—unless, indeed, it was Inspector Smeed, and you never could tell what *he* was thinking.

Some weeks later, the inspector casually invited Ephraim to display his conjuring prowess at a police concert. But Ephraim was now too sly a bird for this. He retired from the Force, settling in his native Essex as a market-gardener. In May, 1890, he married Mrs. Eleanor Cardyce, alias Carlotti, at Hengistford village church.

You may regard the whole thing as a fable, as a tissue of lies. Worse still, you may believe I had for a grandmother a woman who was accessory to a horrible murder. If she was—and *I* don't think she was—I can assure you that in her old age she became a truly sweet-natured lady, with eyes of a tenderness and lustre I shall never forget.

END

Return Of Hospitality

(*Continued from page 25*)

extra person in the house is an extra burden.

These reflections on the visitor-visitee equation are prompted by the fact that, in wartime, an "anything will do" attitude inevitably invaded the domestic scene, whereas to-day hostess and guests are both anxious to return to as high a standard of hospitality, given and received, as is possible. One sees it on all sides: sherry or cocktails, accompanied by a variety of appetizing trifles that have taken hours to prepare; the invitation to share "pot luck" that results in a surprisingly well thought-out and well arranged meal; the tea party that turns out to be *really* a party, ingenuity and self-sacrifice having provided platefuls of scones, cakes, biscuits and sandwiches; the visitors who take nothing for granted, the hosts who place themselves and everything they have at the disposal of their friends.

END

Ruth Went Gleaning

(*Continued from page 32*)

"Generally, perhaps."

He laughed. He had a very charming smile.

"Do you always take things so literally? Unusual, and rather. . . ."

"Rather what?"

"Well, if you'll forgive me for saying it on such very short acquaintance, rather attractive! What'll you drink?"

Ruth, after some sedate consideration, decided on a small whiskey and soda. She thought it might be needed, if the night were to be pleasantly spent in a chilly waiting-room.

"Great," he said with approval. "I'm a Highlander myself, and I like to see the products of my country appreciated."

"What are you doing in England, then?" asked Ruth. "I thought no Highlander was ever really happy away from his own country."

"Quite true," he explained seriously, but with a twinkle in his eye which she liked. "But I'm having repairs done to my place, and it's not livable in, just at present. It's an awfully nice wee house, on the shores of the Isle of Arran."

"Oh, how lovely! I've always longed to live on an island."

They became better and better friends as the meal proceeded. Ruth liked him. He was genuine, and interesting, had travelled a lot, and was well-read. He found himself thinking, as he held a match for her after-dinner cigarette, how very delightful such a woman would look in the other armchair by his own fireside. He had noticed that she wore no wedding ring. Not married, then. Why on earth not? She was pretty and interesting, self-possessed and sweet.

"Does your wife like living on the Isle of Arran, too?" she asked, as they sat over their . . . so-called . . . coffee.

"I'm a bachelor, unfortunately."

"I'm sure that's your own doing," said Ruth, rather amused at his manner.

"You see too much . . . and I suppose I wanted too much. But may I reply with a *tu quoque?*"

Once more that red-hot spearhead darted through Ruth's heart. Just when she had been, for a little, little while, forgetting all that.

"I suppose," she said reflectively, "everyone of our sort of age must have met someone they wanted, and didn't get."

"Och aye. But that doesn't last."

"You think not?"

"Sure of it. Ever seen him since?"

"No."

"If you did, you'd probably thank God for a lucky escape. I did, when I saw *her* again after twenty odd years."

"This is a strange conversation for two complete strangers who met at a railway station, isn't it?" smiled Ruth, avoiding the issue so skilfully that he was left with nothing in hand but admiration.

Bad news reached them later. The accident, a serious one, had blocked the lines running north, but there might be a train south in the Manninge direction at about three a.m. Fate seemed determined to chase Ruth back to Ken again, and short of spending the next day in a waiting-room, there seemed nothing else to be done.

"Manninge's your home, is it?" said the nice Scotsman from Arran.

"Yes. At least, I live there with my sister and brother-in-law. My name's Ruth Fortescue." And she smiled a little at the thought that even here, she had gleaned again, quite unintentionally, because her companion had insisted on paying for her dinner, thanking her for the great pleasure of her company.

"Mine's Neil Campbell," he told her, and added gravely, "very much at your service."

Their eyes met, and they smiled at one another.

(*Continued on page 64*)

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In the small hours, Ruth was aroused from an uncomfortable doze, to find him touching her on the arm.

"Here's our train deciding to pull out," he said. "You'll reach Manninge at about eight in the morning, they tell me. Let me take your case. It's freezing cold. I don't know why they say hell's hot, do you?"

"At the moment, no," said Ruth, wondering what she looked like. As soon as they were settled in the corridor of the train, containing, apparently, about five million other people, she sat down, with some difficulty, on her suitcase, pulled out her mirror, and confirmed her worst fears. It was at this point that Campbell of the Isle of Arran rose to the heights, restoring her self-respect in a manner as deft as it was, apparently, unstudied.

"A great gift," he observed, "to look as charming as you do at three a.m."

"Oh, *thank* you," said Ruth, "even though you can't possibly mean it. I find it hard to believe that you're not married, after that speech."

"Well. . . . I've played around a bit," he said, with the true Highland upward lilt in the middle of the sentence, and the true Highland twinkle in his grey eye.

"You're telling me," agreed Ruth. "Only an expert could have produced that one."

SHE was surprised to find, at the end of the long and exhausting journey, how little she had thought of Ken, at all, during the night. She and her cavalier had shared a flask, some chocolate, and a good deal of talk, which covered many parts of the earth's surface and history, and finally, for some unexplainable reason, drifted round to Mary Queen of Scots.

"You've a great look of her," said he. "Did you know it?"

"That really *is* a compliment," said Ruth.

"No," he answered quite seriously. "This time it's the truth."

"You can't go straight on to London now," she protested, as he helped her from the train at Manninge. "Please, don't be absurd. You must come up to the house and have a hot bath and breakfast, and meet Tom and Meriel. You've been so kind. Do, won't you?"

"I'm awfully tempted," said he, looking irresolute.

"That's settled," Ruth rejoined.

Ruth Went Gleaning

IT was later, after a bath and a change, that Ruth came into the dining-room at about half-past nine, to find the week-end party assembled. A man rose from his seat, and came up to her with outstretched hand. He had something of a paunch, a red face with bags under the eyes . . . eyes that tilted at the corners . . . his mouth, which might once have been passionate and sensitive, was now rather full in the lower lip, and he had, yes, he *had*, quite definitely . . . a dewlap!

"Ruth, my dear," he said, in that unmistakably husky voice which indicates a certain devotion to the bottle.

"It can't be Ken?" she murmured, dazed.

"You've not changed, except to grow more charming. Come and sit down. I gather you had an awful night of it?"

Ruth looked at him, then looked sideways at the lean, brown, clean-shaven face of the man standing by Tom at the sideboard, and found her glance returned. A smile was exchanged, a smile which said many things, before she looked back at Ken once more.

"No," she said truthfully. "In some ways it was really rather pleasant."

As she went to her seat, it seemed to her fancy that a strange silent collection of dreams, grey-clad in the shades of twilight and dusk, gathered very closely around her for a moment, left their farewell kisses, light as the fluttering of butterflies' wings upon her brow, and then swept away from her on the breath of a sigh, for ever. And the strangest part of it was, that they seemed to have left the clearest, bluest sky behind them, with the sun shining in all the brilliance of mid-day.

"Where's Ruth?" asked Tom, that same afternoon.

"Gone for a walk with Mr. Campbell. Tom, I *do* like him. How extraordinary, it's turning out that he'd been at Balliol with you. You know . . . Tom. . . ."

"Well?"

"I think Ruth's gleaned him."

"My dear Meriel, I'll tell you something very much more interesting than that."

"What?"

"I'm practically certain," said Tom, lighting his pipe and speaking in jerks between the puffs, "that he's . . . gleaned . . Ruth!"

END

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Lady, Shed Your Wings

(*Continued from page 28*)

"There's a beach," he said, "every foot as good as this one—and the palms are well back, so that there's a clear run in."

"It's a crazy idea," Merilla told him. "What do we do after that?"

"Work out the finishing touches. You'll have to have saved me in some manner or other—sighted me on the reef, maybe."

"And made a three-point landing on a stick of coral," Merilla said, witheringly.

He seemed in no way put out. "I told you that I hadn't worked out the finish of it," he said.

"I'll have nothing to do with it," said Merilla. "It's—it's a preposterous idea."

"Well, if you change your mind—you'll find me looking out for you." He stretched himself lazily and began to saunter away.

"Just a minute!" she called. "You haven't told me your name even."

"Broome. Philip Broome."

He hesitated. Then began to move again.

"Aren't you interested in mine?" she cried.

He shook his head.

"Saw your pictures in the papers three years back." He continued to walk from the cluster of palms, then turned his head slightly to shout: "I still have one—cut from a glossy. You're my type, Merilla. Ready to dare anything."

Merilla gasped. Back very erect, she stared out to sea.

"There's one thing I'm not doing, Philip Broome," she said softly to herself. "I'm not coming to your island. Certainly not."

Then, without warning, she suddenly knew why she had never listened to Gregory Dodds when he had tried to persuade her to give up flying. It was disconcerting, a badly-timed revelation. Stubbornly, though, she repeated: "I'm not coming to your island."

The waves frolicking along the curving beach seemed to laugh at her.

AT first the island was no more than a smudge, a wisp of dark cloud which had drifted down to sea in order to wash itself. Then it began to develop length and height.

Now the beach was coming up to meet her, looking like a solid golden wall. The machine touched down and everything was blotted out as the sand rose up in clouds. The beach, she realized, was too soft for a good landing. For what seemed minutes she appeared to be buried in it. But motion had come to an end.

She removed her goggles, flung off the flying helmet and stepped out on the wing. The clouds dissolved and one of them became Philip. He reached up to her and his strong hands lifted her clear. It was only a matter of seconds before she was standing beside him; but it was more than sufficient time to transform her from an intrepid, clear-thinking airwoman to a fluttery-hearted woman enjoying the strength of her man.

Merilla recovered herself, though, as they walked away from the machine. She disengaged her hand from his, and tilted her chin high. Philip Broome, she felt, needed a lesson. Here he was walking beside her, taking her arrival for granted. Did he think he had such power (*Continued on page 66*)

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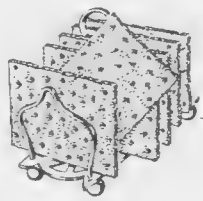

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over her? Nonsense! She'd come to the island because .. . because. . . .

She kicked at the sand.

"This beach is too soft for landing," she said. "Why didn't you warn me?"

"You should have run in nearer to the water," he told her calmly. "The sand tends to form into drifts up by the palms. Did Dad help you to fix the engine?"

She shook her head.

"He watched from a distance. I waved to him as I took off—but he turned his back on me."

Philip laughed.

"It isn't going to be easy—breaking down his resistance," he said.

"What about your plan? Do you mean to tell me that it isn't worked out yet?"

"So far, I've worked it out in every detail five times—and scrapped it every time. There always seems to be a snag."

Merilla glanced towards the sun.

"You'll have to do some quick thinking," she said sharply. "Unless you can take the boat over the surf by night."

"There's longer than that," he told her. His voice sounded as calm as her own should have been. "We shan't start back until morning."

Merilla stopped walking. She looked him straight in the face. He didn't glance away. Disconcertingly, he looked intently down at her.

"You—you don't seem to understand," she said. "If you think I came over to this island so that you could——"

"I've built a little shelter for you," he explained, with no note of apology in his voice. "I can manage under a tree."

Merilla turned sharply.

"Hi!" he cried. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to fly straight back," she announced; but she didn't walk quite so fast and he was able to catch up with her in a few strides.

"Maybe you didn't think to look how far your wheels are buried in sand," he said with irritating gentleness. "It's going to be quite a job lifting her out."

Merilla stamped her foot—but it wasn't a very effective gesture in the soft sand.

"Philip Broome," she accused, "you knew this would happen."

"I hoped it might," he admitted. "I've dreamed of spending a night on a tropic island with you. Dreamed of it ever since I clipped your picture out of a glossy."

"I never heard anything so outrageous," she said. "Which picture was it?"

"It showed you in something flimsy, almost transparent. You looked like somebody who had drifted down from a star."

"It wasn't a good one," Merilla said quickly.

Merilla realized, with a sudden shock, that they were standing by the trees. He'd taken a mean advantage of her and turned her back from the beach while he was provoking her into argument. Greg would never have done a thing like that. On the other hand, she thought, dreamily, Greg would never have had the nerve to have planned a thing like this. Her lips curled a little. Greg hadn't much spirit when you came to analyse him.

"I'll have some food ready for you in two shakes," Philip said. "Real Crusoe island fare."

"I'm not hungry, thanks," said Merilla. "We'd better get busy on the aircraft right away. I want to take off before sundown."

"Food first," said Philip, moving away between the tall, curving stems of the palms.

Merilla looked back at the beach, and then followed him.

THE moon announced her arrival by casting a pale, shimmering gauze over the lagoon. A lazy, cool night-breeze stirred the great fronds of the palms above them. Philip sat looking out to sea, knees up, long arms linked round longer legs. Merilla lay on her side trying to look in the same direction but finding, to her annoyance, that her gaze kept returning to her companion.

"I suppose," she said thoughtfully, "that we could do something about those wheels to-night."

"It would be a long, tiring job," he said.

Lady, Shed Your Wings

"I don't feel like work after that meal."

"I'm glad you liked it. What with fish and the fruits, meals are always to be had here for the taking."

Merilla smiled.

"After seeing me making a pig of myself you'll never again imagine me as somebody who has drifted down from a star. I'm more likely to have dropped like a meteor."

"Not with stardust still sparkling in your eyes," he told her.

Merilla tensed a little, then relaxed.

"I'm beginning to feel sleepy," she said.

"You know where your shelter is," Philip said quietly.

She frowned. He showed no impatience, no irritation. In some ways he was infuriating. The waves which ran against the beaches had the same persistence, the same quiet, relentless purpose. Perhaps environment had entered into him, just as the limp, damp heat of fashionable hotels and dance halls had seeped into Greg.

Greg! What would he think if he could see her now?

She began to work out how she had come to the island. It was easy to think—looking at the serenity of the moon and at the dancing moonlets in the water—that some destiny had impelled her.

She still thought about it as she lay within the flimsy *atap* shelter which Philip had made for her. She was frightened by the change in herself, even while this other self thrilled her. She felt curiously naked, with the old values falling away—carrying the memory of Greg with them. There was nothing vital about Greg, that was the trouble. He had no energy pulse which could knock upon her heart at a distance of a thousand miles.

But Philip . . . could she forget Philip? In sultry New York, or fog-bound London she knew that Philip would still be real, would still be deciding things for her. Philip. . . .

Her body tensed as she heard him walking through the palms. Then loosened as the steps moved farther away. She felt somehow frustrated. Then curiosity asserted itself, and she crept out. She watched him, watched for many minutes. She saw him tamper with the engines. There was no hesitation in his manner. And no haste. He worked upon both engines and then went down towards the water. She saw the silvery splashes as the jettisoned parts struck the water.

For a moment she stood motionless, breathing quiveringly. Then she glided away like a shadow cast by a rapidly-moving light against a willowy tree. Straight down to the beach she went—but not towards the aircraft. She bore away from it and from Philip.

He had already told her where he had beached the canoe. It lay upon a sandy slope. Merilla ran towards it and her hands seized on it eagerly. At first it was stubborn and resisted her pushing, then with a soft grinding of sand, it began to slide down towards the water. She went with it, using all her strength, straining to move it faster.

Some of the wavelets seemed to know and tried to run up the beach to meet the canoe. The dry distance between decreased. The prow touched with a splash. The refreshing coolness of water flirted with her toes, then covered them. She became aware of some other force trying to pull the canoe from her.

Still she pressed on and the water soaked the hem of the flimsy dress into which she had changed. It became difficult to control the boat, which seemed to be gripped by a dozen invisible hands.

Then it was free of her, wrenched away. It bobbed up and down playfully, half-swung, then drifted out. The white line of the surf seemed to attract it. The waves booming on the reef were calling to it, and it went to answer the call. But there was another sound, softer and more liquid than the surf-booming.

Merilla's laughter on the beach.

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Books

(Continued from page 41)

bossy, self-made father. It doesn't bring her happiness in marriage, though she has every advantage in money, position, and hard-boiled intelligence. After she has kicked husband Tom out "on his pants," the man she *might* have married tells her: "you wouldn't have ever stepped on me—made me dependent the way you made that poor guy," and she tells him: "I'm glad I've known someone once in my life who can make me feel the way you do, someone I can honour and obey. . . . I should have known I wanted that"—which we cordially doubt. A sparkling story with clean-cut dialogue, neatly satirized wartime Washington and New York background.

THE woman in Mr. Claude Houghton's **"The Quarrel"** (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is in a postwar flap about queueing, running the home without help, and wifely conditions generally, though she has been married but two years. When they boil up into a slanging match she runs off to a former lover who'd told her that if ever she wanted to go to him "The answer is—yes." The resulting complications end in the reconciled husband telling Mira: "Once, we were romantic, and it crashed. This won't crash in that way. We know where we are—now." But she isn't so sure. She dreams of "a man, unlike any she had known, with whom she would have vital partnership." Discontents and thwarted dreams. . . . How many women will find here a reflection of their own?

A SALUTE to Miss Taylor Caldwell for making the man her chief character in **"There Was a Time"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.). Frank Clair, sensitive, frustrated in his literary ambitions, finds solace first in a school friendship, then in Jessica, who tells him: "I love you for just what you are." A miracle, this, to him because his parents had made him feel he was a worthless failure, to be despised—"not to be liked for what I am, but always compelled to appease, to do what others wished, to placate, to buy a grudging acceptance." Miss Caldwell has Arnold Bennett's passion for minute domestic detail which inflates her tale to 500 packed pages, but also emotional intensity and sure character drawing.

A MAN, too—Sir Stamford Raffles, Singapore's founder—is the main character in S. C. George's historical novel, **"Bright Moon in the Forest"** (Jarrolds, 8s. 6d.), which traces his career from a poor boyhood and East India House clerkship to death on his forty-fifth birthday in the shadow of disaster and disgrace. It is well written by one obviously in love with the subject.

CARYL BRAHMS and S. J. Simon are always in love with theirs, whether it be that prodigious ballet impresario Stroganoff, a seaside town amusements "boss" who declares war on a pier rep. company because it produces Ibsen instead of pierrots, an old pro. buoyed by hope eternal, love in a fun fair, or a children's Christmas in Hoxton. All these elements go to make the seven stories in **"To Hell With Hedda!"** (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.).

WHAT happens when a spirited young Diana comes into the life of a blasé artist-writer-roué is the theme of Mr. Warwick Deeping's latest: **"Portrait of a Playboy"** (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). Maxwell Tryte has success, an elegant country house, a villa—cocotte—in the South of France, but not until Rowena brings him faith can he say: "I am painting like a child with God's eyes. . . . I've climbed out of an abyss of cynicism like a little monkey." A good story by a practised hand who needs no praise, with this kind of wit: "Tryte had always subscribed to the pretty saying that the eyes of the Navy suggested the eyes of a man gazing at sea horizons, but that actually their blue vacuousness was due to a plethora of untaxed drink."

WHAT was the romance underlying an old sketch book of the 1870s found in an inn on the Seine? Miss Eleanor Farjeon makes a light, enchanting idyll of it in **"Love Affair"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), just the novel for anyone feeling nostalgic about Normandy.

Admirers of Mr. Dornford Yates's line of humour don't need to be told that when the diverting Berry gets going on family situations the fun is inexhaustible. **"The Berry Scene"** (Ward, Lock, 10s. 6d.) is up to type and refreshingly escapist.

IT is not unusual for reviewers to review their own books; editors fear they might be too severe. . . . All I may say, therefore, about my **"London Lover: Songs of a City's Romance"** (Golden Galley Press, 4s. 6d.), is that it has charming decorations by a young artist, Jenetta Vise, who has also done for Mr. Wilson K. Midgley's children's story, "The Terrible Turk" (Oxford University Press), some of the most delightfully fantastic colour pictures I have seen. But for her I couldn't mention the book in this valuable feature, which would be a pity. A leather *de luxe* edition is in preparation.

HERE is a list of books which will repay the attention of readers:

FICTION

"The First Dream," by Anne Vernon (Stanley Paul, 9s. 6d.); **"Country House Hotel,"** by Marjorie Stewart (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Sylphide,"** by Olga Racster (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Without A Dream,"** by Michael Dawson (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"For Ever in My Heart,"** by Edith Nepean (Stanley Paul, 9s. 6d.); **"Catherine's Circle,"** by Edith Arundel (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Aurora Dawn,"** by Herman Wouk (James Barrie, 9s. 6d.); **"Christopher,"** by Josephine Eckert (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.); **"The Merry Oasis and Other Stories,"** by Rom Landau (Macdonald, 7s. 6d.); **"Vanity of Vanities,"** by E. W. Savi (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"If We Will,"** by Barbara Cartland (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"The Day Is Ours,"** by Hilda Lewis (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.); **"The Sleeping Beauty's Daughter,"** by Alexandra Dick (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"The Memorial,"** by Eileen Marsh (Hutchinson 9s. 6d.); **"The Village Green,"** by Marjorie Squires (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Sara Steps In,"** by Susan Inglis (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Stallion Road,"** by Stephen Longstreet (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.); **"Scott-King's Modern Europe,"** by Evelyn Waugh (Chapman & Hall, 5s.).

DETECTIVE FICTION

"Why Did She Die?" by Joan Coggin (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Queens Have Died Young and Fair,"** by Clementine Hunter (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"The Master of the Macabre,"** by Russell Thorndike (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Miracle of the Movies," by Leslie Wood (Burke, 15s.); **"Making The Movies,"** by Jeanne Bendick (Paul Elek, 12s. 6d.); **"Learning to Ride,"** by Janet Holyoake (Faber & Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"The Story of St. Thomas's,"** by Charles Graves (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.); **"These I Have Loved,"** by Katherine Sim (Allan Wingate, 6s.); **"The House That Was No-One's Affair,"** by E. M. Hatt (Faber & Faber, 6s.); **"British Sport,"** edited by Hedley Trembath (Skelton Robinson, 17s. 6d.); **"The Greek Way,"** an anthology by Kathleen Freeman (Macdonald, 15s.).

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